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OH, CALL ME HOME.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Did I not tell thee at the first,
Too dear and ardent friend,
Did I not well foretell to thee
How this was all to end?

I sit alone and far from thee:
The clock is striking four,
And, with a start and thrill, I see
Thy spirit at my door.

With well known form and smiling face,
It mocks my yearning heart—
A word, a motion of my hand,
Will cause it to depart.

How hard, when every other friend
May linger near thy side,
That I, for only loving thee,
In exile must abide.

I *thought* to meet thee gladly yet,
Free from disturbing fear;
I had a wild, sweet dream, in which
Once more my love was near.

Oh! call me home to thee, my love,
Oh! hide me in thy breast;
There keep me till my dying day,
Sheltered and owned and blest. A.

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

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CHAPTER VII.

MR. AND MRS. HEMSON.

Ten days went by; ten unhappy days. I spent most of my time with Miss Delves, seeing scarcely anything of Mr. Edwin Barley. Part of the time I think he was over at his his brother's, but now and then I met him in the passages or the hall. He would give me a nod, and pass by. I cannot describe my state of feeling, or how miserable the house appeared to me: I was as one unsettled in it, as one who lived in constant discomfort, fear, and dread, though of what, I could not define. Jemima remarked one day that "Miss Hereford went about moithered: like a fish out of water."

The will had never turned up, and probably never would; neither was any clue given to the mystery of its disappearance. Mr. Edwin Barley was as good as his word, and instituted a thorough search of the house, but it was not found. Meanwhile rumors of its loss grew rife in the household and in the neighborhood: whether the lawyer talked, or whether Mr. Barley, and thus set them afloat, was uncertain, but it was thought to have been one or the other. I know I had said nothing; neither, beyond doubt, had Mr. Edwin Barley. When an acquaintance would ask him about it, whether it was true, he answered yes, it was true so far as that Mr. Gregg said his late wife had made a will which could not be found: but his belief was that she must have destroyed it again, for he could not suspect any of the servants of tampering with their mistress's private drawers. Once Mr. Edwin Barley called me to him.

"Are you quite sure," he asked, in a stern tone, "that you did not reopen the cabinet yourself, and do anything with the parchment?"

"I never opened it again, sir, after my aunt told me to put it in. If I had, she must have seen me. And I could not have done so," I added, recollecting myself, "for she kept the bunch of keys under her pillow."

"Did you know what it was that she gave you to put in?"

"She did not tell me what it was; but she had said to Jemima that it was her will, and I was in the room, and heard her."

"And you positively did not touch it? I know children are given to curiosity and to mischief."

"Indeed I did not, sir. Why should I?"

"I don't see why, myself," he answered, as he dismissed me. "But she was the only one who knew the spot where the will was placed," he muttered aloud, as if in soliloquy with himself.

"I say," whispered Jemima to me confidentially, "it's an odd thing about that will!"

I nodded.

"And I don't half like it, I can tell you that, Miss Hereford. They may turn round and say next that I made away with it—being the only one in the house who was told of the secret."

"But, Jemima, they are not likely to say that. The taking the will would not have done you any good, so why should they think it was you?"

"Well, that's the argument I hold with myself, Miss Anne. The will could benefit nobody, but you; it would be worth no more to 'em than so much waste paper. It's said that yours was the only name writ in it."

"I don't think it will ever be found, Jemima."

"I'm sure I can't say. Mr. Edwin Barley will be all the better for it, if it's not."

"Will he?"

"Will he! why of course he will: don't you know it, miss? If mistress died without leaving a will, all she had goes to him. I know all about it, bless you; for folks's tongues are busy enough over it."

"But Jemima, you—you—do not think he *took* the will—that the money might be his?"

"Hush! I wouldn't say such a thing. And I don't think it, neither. He is fond of money, is Mr. Edwin Barley, as is well known, but it's not likely he'd go and defraud a poor little orphan of the trifle left to her. A man in great need might do such a thing, but hardly a rich gentleman. Why, it is said that he comes into forty thousand pounds by the death of Philip King."

Jemima's argument told upon my mind, and from that moment I felt less sure that Mr. Edwin Barley was the one who had touched the will.

But how long was I to remain in that desolate house? Forever? It was a question I asked myself every hour in the day. At length an answer came to it. One evening, it was the Tuesday week after my aunt's death, I was seated at tea with Miss Delves in her parlor, when she suddenly asked me whether I was ready to take a long journey on the morrow. The color flushed into my eager face as I answered,

"Oh, yes, I am ready! Where am I going, Miss Delves?"

"Have you not an aunt living in Dashleigh, a Mrs. Hemson?"

"She is not my aunt. She was cousin to mamma and to my aunt Selina."

"I thought it was an aunt: she was a Miss Carew, at any rate. You are going there."

A chill of disappointment fell upon me. Mamma, and especially Selina, had spoken slightingly of Mrs. Hemson, quite sufficiently so to prejudice a young mind against her. I am not sure that I looked upon her as precisely an ogre with claws, but it was something akin to it.

"There! Am I going *there*?"

"You will start by the ten o'clock train from Nettleby, and arrive at Dashleigh at two," said Charlotte Delves, showing no commiseration, and probably unconscious that I required any. "I think it's fine to be you, young lady, travelling about from one place to another, at your age."

"Am I to stay there for good?" I asked, after a blank silence.

"For a very little while, I expect; you must soon be placed at School. Mrs Edwin Barley told me there was no choice left, as regarded that; your mamma left directions in her will."

We were interrupted, for the door opened, and a man servant appeared at it.

"Master is asking for Miss Hereford, miss," he said, addressing Charlotte Delves. "She is to go up to him in the dining-room."

What could he want? It was the first time he had ever sent for me. I jumped to the conclusion that the will was found, and went with alacrity, even though it was into the presence of Mr. Edwin Barley. He was sitting at the desert-table, some wine before him, and beckoned me to him.

"Has Charlotte Delves informed you that you will depart to-morrow?"

"She has just told me, sir."

"Here are one or two trinkets of your aunt Selina's that you may be glad to have," he continued, putting a small box in my hands. "Do you think you can take care of them until you are of an age to put them on?"

"I will take great care of them, sir. I will lock them up in the little desk mamma gave me; and I wear the key of it round my neck."

"Mind you do take care of them," he rejoined, with some emotion; "if I thought you would not, I would never give them to you. She was too dear to me, for me to give away aught of hers where it would not be treasured. And these things, recollect, are of value," he added, touching the box, "they are not child's toys. Take them up to your room and put them in your trunk."

"If you please, sir," I hesitated, on the threshold, wishing yet disliking to put the question, "has the will been found?"

"It has not. Why?"

"Because, sir, you asked me if I had taken it; you said I was the only one who knew of the place; and I do not like you to think so, for indeed I did not."

"Be easy, little girl. I do not think you did take it—and to have hidden it or destroyed it would only damage yourself. I left the answer came to it. One evening, it was the Tuesday week after my aunt's death, I was seated at tea with Miss Delves in her parlor, when she suddenly asked me whether I was ready to take a long journey on the morrow. The color flushed into my eager face as I answered,

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"Be easy, little girl. I do not think you did take it—and to have hidden it or destroyed it would only damage yourself. I live in hopes of coming to the bottom of the mystery yet—and, if I do, you shall know it. Not that it is a mystery to my mind, though others seem willing to magnify it into one. I believe that your aunt changed her intentions, as to the devising of her property, and destroyed the will. Go along; and take a bunch of grapes with you."

Jemima was packing my trunk when I got up stairs, and she shared the grapes and the delight of looking at the contents of the box. My aunt Selina's thin gold chain and her elegant little French watch, two or three bracelets, two or three rings, and a smelling bottle encased in filagree gold—all these treasures were mine. At first I gazed at them with a mixed feeling, in which awe and sorrow held their share; Jemima the same; it seemed a profanation to rejoice over what had been so recently hers, but the sorrow soon merged into the moment's seduction. Jemima had hung the chain and watch round her own neck, had put on the bracelets, thrust the largest of the rings on her little finger, and was figuring off before the glass; I knelt on a chair looking on in mute admiration, anticipating the time when they would be adorning me, when the voice of Mr. Edwin Barley aroused us. Oh, reader! when we indeed get of an age to wear ornaments, how poor is the pleasure they afford us then, compared to that other early anticipation!

"Anne! I want you."

Jemima, in her flurry, divested herself of the trinkets; I jumped from the chair, and ran down the stairs, expecting nothing less than that the precious things were about to be wrested from me again. Mr. Edwin Barley took my hand and led me into the dining-room, sitting down and holding me before him.

"Anne, you are a sensible little girl," he began, "and will understand what I say to you. The events, the tragedies which have happened in this house since you came to it, are not pleasant, they do not bring honor, either to the living or the dead. Were every thing that occurred to be rigidly investigated, a large share of blame would be cast to my wife, your aunt Selina. It is a blame that I would have spared her had she lived, so far as it was in my power; and I would doubly spare it her, as it is. For that reason I was silent; I held my tongue, burying all that I could in oblivion. Will you do the same, for her sake?"

"Yes, sir. I should like to do so."

"That is right. Henceforth, if people should question you, you must know nothing; tell them that what passed you were not cognisant of. In short, be wholly silent upon the subject. Remember, child, I speak for Selina's sake."

"What did he want?" asked Jemima, when I went upstairs again.

"It was nothing about the presents, Jemima," was my answer. "Put the chain on me, please, and let me see myself."

A full hour did we stand over those ornaments, taking it in turn to be decorated. I believe Jemima was as lost in delight as I was. Miss Delves's angry message, brought up by Sarah, interrupted the pleasure: she sent to inquire whether Jemima had gone to sleep.

And I believe I have nothing more to relate with regard to my sojourn at the house of Mr. Edwin Barley, beyond the fact that Mr. Heneage had not been captured, neither could he be tracked. The next morning Miss Delves and I were driven to Nettleby: there she placed me in a first class carriage, under charge of the guard, to be conveyed to Dashleigh.

Two o'clock was striking as the train steamed into Dashleigh station. I was not sure at first that it was Dashleigh, and in the uncertainty did not get out. Several people were on the platform, waiting for the passengers the train might bring. One lady in particular attracted my notice, a most lady-like, pleasant-looking woman, with a sweet countenance, tall and graceful. There was something in her face that put me in mind of mamma. She was looking attentively at the carriages, one after another, when her eyes caught mine, and she came to the door.

"I think you must be Anne," she said, with the sweetest smile and kindest voice. "Did you not know I should be here? I am Mrs. Hemson."

That Mrs. Hemson! that the ogre with claws! In my utter astonishment I never spoke or stirred. The guard came up.

"This is Dashleigh," he said to me. "Are you come to receive this young lady, ma'am?"

Mrs. Hemson did receive me with a warm embrace. She saw to my luggage, and then put me in a fly to proceed to her home. A thorough gentlewoman was she, although she had married a linen draper; a *lady* in appearance, mind and manners. But it seemed to me a great puzzle how she could be so.

It was a large, handsome shop, and seemed to contain several shopmen, as well as customers. The fly passed it and stopped at the private door. We went through a hand some passage, and up a handsome staircase, into large and well furnished sitting rooms.—My impression had been that Mrs. Hemson lived in a hovel, or, at the best, in some little dark sitting-room behind a shop. Up stairs again were the nursery and bedrooms, a very large house altogether. There were six children, two girls who went to school by day, two boys out at boarding school, and two little ones in the nursery. In the yard behind were more rooms, but these were occupied by the young men en aged in the business, with whom Mrs. Hemson appeared to have nothing whatever to do.

"This is where you will sleep, Anne," she said, opening the door of a room which had two beds in it. Frances and Mary sleep here, but they can occupy the same bed, while you stay. Make haste and get your things off, my dear, for the dinner is ready."

I soon went down. There was no one in the drawing-room then, and I was looking at some of the books on the centre table, when a gentleman entered: he was tall, fair, handsome; a far more gentlemanly man than any I had seen at Mr. Edwin Barley's, more so than even George Heneage. I wondered who he could be.

"My dear little girl, I am glad you have arrived in safety," he said, cordially taking my hand. "It was a long way for them to send you alone."

How could they have prejudiced me against him? but perhaps when Selina spoke, she had no personal knowledge of him. I had been surprised at Mrs. Hemson, but I was far more so at the sight of him, her husband. In the town where I came from there lived a little linen draper (little as to person, means, and establishment), with cross eyes, a shabby coat, and given, people said, to cheat; since Selina mentioned Mr. Hemson's trade to me, I had associated him, in my own mind, with that other. Well educated, good and kind, respected in his native town, and making money fast, Mr. Hemson, to my ignorance, was a world's wonder.

"Is she not like Ursula, Frederick?" exclaimed Mrs. Hemson, holding up my chin. "You remember her?"

He looked at me with a smile.

"I scarcely remember her: I don't think Ursula ever had such eyes as these. They are worth a king's ransom; and they are honest and true."

We went into the other room to dinner, a plain dinner of roast veal and ham, and a damson tart, all nicely cooked and served, with a well dressed maid servant to wait upon us. Altogether the house seemed thoroughly well conducted, a pleasant, plentiful home, and where they certainly lived as quiet gentlepeople, not for show, but for comfort. Mr. Hemson went down stairs after dinner, and we returned to the drawing-room.

"Anne," Mrs. Hemson said, smiling, "you have appeared all amaze since you came into the house. What is the reason?"

I colored very much: but she pressed the question.

"It is a better house than I expected, ma'am."

"What! did they prejudice you against me?" she laughed. "Did your mamma do that?"

"Mamma told me nothing. It was my aunt Selina. She said you had raised a bar between—between—"

"Between myself and the Carews," she interrupted, filling up the gap I had come to. "They say I lost caste in marrying Mr. Hemson. And in one sense I did. But—do you like him, Anne?"

"Very, very much. He seems quite a gentleman, like papa was."

"He is a gentleman in all respects, save one: but that is one which people of family cannot get over, rendering it impossible for them to meet him as an equal. Anne, when I became acquainted with Mr. Hemson, I did not know he was in trade; not that he intentionally deceived me, you must understand; he is of strict honor, incapable of deceit; but it fell out so. We were in a strange place, both far away from home, and it was alluded to by neither of us. By the time I heard who and what he was, a silk mercer and linen draper, I had learnt to value him above all else in the world. After that, he asked me to be his wife."

"And you agreed?"

"My dear, I first of all sat down and counted the cost. Before giving my answer, I calculated which I could best give up, my position in society as a gentlewoman and a gentleman's daughter, or Frederick Hemson. I knew that slights would be my portion if I married him, that I should descend for ever in the scale of society, must leap the great gulf which separates the gentlewoman from the tradesman's wife. But I knew I should find my compensation in him. I have never repented the step; I find more certainly, year by year, that if I threw away the shadow, I grasped the substance."

"Oh, but surely you are still a gentlewoman!"

"My dear, such is not my position. I have put myself beyond the pale of what the world calls gentility. But I counted all that beforehand, I tell you, and I put it from me bravely. I weighed the cost well, and it has not been more than I bargained for."

"But indeed you are a gentlewoman," I said earnestly, the tears rising to my eyes at what I thought injustice, "I can see you are."

"Granted, Anne. But what if others do not accord me the place? I cannot visit gentlepeople or be visited by them. I am the wife of Mr. Hemson, a retail trader. This is a cathedral town, too; and, in such, these distinctions are bowed to in an ultra degree."

"But is it right?"

"Quite right; perfectly right. If you have been gathering from my words that I cast reproach to it, or grumble at it, you are in error. I do not see that society, as it is constituted in England, could get along without these distinctions; and persons who pretend not to regard them, or who rail at them, show very little sense. I repeat, child, I sat down and counted *the cost*; and I grow more willing to pay it year by year. But, Anne, dear—" and she laid her hand impressively on my arm—"I would not recommend my plan of action to others. It has answered in my case; for Mr. Hemson is a man in a thousand: but in nine cases out of ten it would bring unhappiness, repentance, bickering. Nothing can be more productive of misery generally, than an unequal marriage."

I did not quite understand: it was hardly to be expected I should.

"Has there been *any* cost to you?" I presently asked.

"Yes. One part of the cost will always remain—as a sort of incubus. It is not only that I have put myself beyond the pale of my own sphere, but I have entailed it on my children. My girls must grow up what they are: let them be ever so refined, ever so well educated, a barrier lies across their path: in visiting, they must be confined to their father's class; they can never expect to be sought in marriage by gentlemen. Wealthy tradespeople, professional men they may stand a chance of; but gentlemen, in the strict sense of the term, never."

"Will they feel it?"

"No, oh no. That part of the cost is alone mine. I have taken care not to bring them up to views above their station. But, Anne—to change the subject—what were the details of that dreadful tragedy at Mr. Edwin Barley's?"

"I cannot tell them," I answered with a rushing color.

"Poor child! I suppose they kept you in ignorance. Well, I am thankful that they did, for its remembrance would have colored your after life. But could they not save Selina?"

"N——for she died. Mr. Edwin Barley says he knows she was treated wrongly."

"Ilfated Selina! Were you with her when she died, Anne?"

"I was with her the night before. She was a great deal better then, and thought she should get well. That is, she would have thought it, but for the warning."

"For the what?" echoed Mrs. Hemson.

"Mamma appeared to her before she died. She said the Carews—"

"Child, be silent!" imperatively interrupted Mrs. Hemson, with a change of color.—"How could they think of imbuing you with their superstitions? Has the man who committed the murder been heard of?"

"Not yet. Mamma had the same warning, Mrs. Hemson."

"Be quiet, I say, child!" she exclaimed, in a tone of emotion. "These subjects are totally unfit for you. Mind, Anne, that you do not allude to them before my little girls; they will be home from school at five, and be delighted to make acquaintance with you. You are going to school yourself next week; have you heard that?"

"To a school in Dashleigh?"

"Yes: the trustees have at length decided it, and I shall be at hand, in case of your illness, or anything of that sort. Had your aunt Selina lived, you would have been placed at Nettleby."

"Where am I to spend the holidays?"

"At school. It is to Miss Fenton's that you are going."

"Is that where Frances and Mary go?"

"No," she answered, a smile crossing her lips. "They would not be admitted to Miss Fenton's."

"But why?"

"Because she professes to take none but gentlemen's daughters. A linen draper's, living in the same town, would not do at any price. It will be a condescension," she laughed, "that Miss Fenton allows you to dine with us once in a way."

"Perhaps she will not take me," I breathlessly said.

"My dear, she will be very glad to do so. You are the daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Hereford."

It was a happy week, that at Mrs. Hemson's.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS FENTON'S SCHOOL. THE BURNT GIRL.

And now came school life; school life that was to continue without intermission until I was eighteen years of age. Part of these coming years were spent at Miss Fenton's;

Fig 1 Fig 2

IMPROVED PORTABLE TENT.

Any man who has slept in the open air on a rainy night, can appreciate the value of a tent that will keep him dry, and if such a tent can be made of so small bulk that it can be carried on a knapsack, and of less than three pounds in weight, probably every soldier would be willing to carry one for the sake of its shelter. The tent here illustrated was invented by E. C. Williams, of Jersey City, N. J., and is designed to be carried on the back of a soldier, for whose exclusive use it is appropriated. Its length is six feet four inches; width at top, 34 inches; width at bottom, 2 feet 9 inches; height at the head, 27 inches; height at the foot, 10 inches; weight, all complete, 2 lbs. 6 oz. to 2 lbs. 8 oz. When rolled up, the size of the roll is 34 inches in diameter, and 16 inches in length.

It can be carried either in or on the knapsack, and can be erected in less than one minute. It will shed rain perfectly, and severe storms will not blow it over.

The braces which support the head are made with joints in the manner of a fish rod, so as to be readily taken apart and rolled up inside of the canvas.

Application for a patent for this light, compact, and efficient shelter has been made through the Scientific American Patent Agency, and further information in relation to it may be obtained by addressing the assignee, James Flanigan, No. 474 Broadway, New York.

the rest at a school in France. It is very much the custom to cry down French scholastic establishments, to contrast them unfavorably with English ones. They may deserve the censure; I do not know; but I can truthfully say that so far as my experience goes, the contrast is on the other side.

Miss Fenton's was a "Select Establishment," styling itself a first-class one. I have often wondered whether those less select, less expensive, were not more liberal in their arrangements. There were fourteen girls in all, the number professed to be taken, but never once, during my stay, was the school quite full; when I entered there were nine, I made the tenth; Miss Fenton, an English teacher, a French teacher, who taught German also, and masters. Miss Fenton herself took nothing, that I saw, but the music; she was about five-and-thirty, tall, thin, and very prim.

"You will be well off there, my dear, in regard to living," Mrs. Hemson had said to me. "Miss Fenton tells me her pupils are treated most liberally; and that she keeps an excellent table. Indeed, she ought to do so, considering her terms."

Of course I thought I *should* be treated liberally, and enjoy the benefits of the excellent table. But, you shall judge.

We got there just before tea time, six o'clock. Mrs. Hemson, acting for my trustees, had made the negotiations with Miss Fenton; of course she took me to school, stayed a few minutes with Miss Fenton, and then left me. When my things were off, Miss Fenton rang the bell.

"You shall join the young ladies at once," she said to me; "they are about to take tea. You have never been to school before, I think?"

"No, ma'am. Mamma instructed me."

"Have the young ladies gone into the refectory?" Miss Fenton inquired, when a maid servant appeared.

"I suppose so, ma'am" was the answer.—"The bell has been rung for them."

"Desire Miss Linthorn to step hither."

Miss Linthorn appeared, a scholar of fifteen or sixteen, very upright. She made a deep curtsey as she entered.

"Take this young lady and introduce her," said Miss Fenton. "Her name is Hereford."

We went through some spacious, well-carpeted passages, whose corners displayed a chaste statue or a large plant in beautiful bloom, into some shabby passages, unarpeted. Nothing could be more magnificent (in a moderate, middle-class point of view) than the show part, the *company* part of Miss Fenton's house; nothing much more meagre than the rest.

A long, bare table, with the tea tray at the top; two plates of thick bread and butter, *very* thick, and one plate of thinner, the English teacher pouring out the tea, and the French one seated by her side, and eight girls lower down: that was what I saw on entering a room that looked cold and comfortless.

Miss Linthorn walked up to the teachers and spoke.

"Miss Hereford."

"I heard there was a new girl coming in to-day," interrupted a young lady, lifting her head, and speaking in a rude, free tone.—"What's the name, Linthorn?"

"Will you have the goodness to behave as a lady—if you can, Miss Glynn?" interrupted Miss Dale, the English teacher. "That will be your place, Miss Hereford," she added, to me, indicating the end of the form, below all the rest. "Have you taken tea?"

"No, ma'am."

"Qu'elles sont impolies, ces filles anglaises!" muttered Mademoiselle Leduc to the English teacher, with a frowning glance at Miss Glynn.

"It is the nature of school girls to be so, mademoiselle," pertly responded Miss Glynn. "And I beg to remind you that we are not under your charge when we are out of school in the evening; therefore, whether we are 'impolies' or 'polva,' it is no affair of yours."

Mademoiselle Leduc only half comprehended the words; it was as well she did not. Miss Dale administered a sharp reprimand, and passed me my tea. I stirred it, tasted it, and stirred it again.

"Don't you like it?" laughed a girl who was next to me; Clara Webb, they called her.

I did not like it at all, and would rather have had milk and water. So far as flavor went, it might have been hot water colored, was sweetened with brown sugar, and contained about a teaspoonful of milk. I never had any better tea, night or morning, so long as I stopped; but school girls get used to these things. The teachers had a little black teapot to themselves, and their tea looked good. The plate of thin bread-and-butter was for them.

A very handsome girl with haughty eyes, craned her neck forward and stared at me. Some of the rest followed her example.

"That child has nothing to eat," she exclaimed. "Why don't you hand it to her, Webb?"

Clara Webb presented the plate to me; it was so thick, the bread-and-butter, that I hesitated to take it, and the butter was scraped upon it in the most niggardly fashion; but for my experience at Miss Fenton's, I should never have thought it possible for butter to have been spread so thin. The others were eating it with all the appetite of hunger. The slice was too thick to bite conveniently, so I had to manage as well as I could, listening—how could I avoid it?—to a conversation the girls began among themselves in an under tone. The teachers were conversing together at the top, taking no notice of them.

"Hereford? Hereford?" debated the handsome girl, and I found her name was Taylor. "I wonder where she came from?"

"I know who I saw her with last Sunday, when I was spending the day at home. The Hemsons."

"The Hemsons!" interrupted some indignant voices, whilst I felt my own face turn to a glowing crimson. "What absurd nonsense you are talking, Glynn!"

"I tell you I did. I knew her face again the moment Linthorn brought her in. She came to our church with them, and sat in their pew."

"I don't believe it," coldly exclaimed an exceedingly ugly girl, with a prominent mouth. "As if Miss Fenton would admit that class of persons! Glynn is playing upon our credulity: like she did, do you remember, about that affair with the prizes. We want some more bread-and-butter, Miss Dale: may we ring?"

"Yes, if you do want it," replied Miss Dale, turning her face from mademoiselle's to speak.

"Betsey, stop a moment. I have something to ask you!" suddenly called out one dressed in mourning, leaping over the form and darting after the maid, who was departing with the plate in her hand. A whispered colloquy ensued close to the door, half in, half out of it; close to me, for it was near the door I sat.

"I say, Betsey, do you know who the new pupil is?"

"Not exactly, miss. Mrs Hemson brought her."

"Mrs. Hemson! There! Glynn said so! Are you sure?"

"Sure? law, yes! Mrs. Hemson has been here several times this last week or two miss; I knew it was about a new pupil. And she brought her to night: she gave me half a crown, too, and told me to be kind to her. A nice lady is Mrs. Hemson."

"I dare say she may be, for her station," haughtily responded her hearer, who stalked back, strode over the form, and resumed her seat.

"I say, girls—I have been asking Betsey—come close." And they all huddled their heads together. "I thought I'd ask Betsey she says she does come from the Hemsons.—Did you ever know such a shame?"

"It *can't be*, you know!" cried the one with the large mouth. "Miss Fenton would not dare to do it. Would my papa, a prebendary of the cathedral, allow me to be placed where I could be associated with tradespeople?"

"Ask Betsey for yourselves," retorted their informant. "She says Mrs. Hemson brought her just now."

"Nonsense about asking Betsey," said Nancy Tayler, "ask herself. Come here, child," she added, in a louder tone, beckoning to me.

I went humbly up, behind the form, feeling very humble, indeed, just then. They were nearly all older than I was, and I began again to think it must be something sadly lowering to be connected with the Hemsons.

"Are you related to Hemsons, the shop-keepers?"

"Yes. To Mrs. Hemson. Mamma was—"

"Oh, there, that will do," she unceremoniously interposed, with a scornful gesture.—"Go back to your seat, and don't sit too close to Miss Webb, she's a gentleman's daughter."

Now, reader, you may be slow to believe this, but I can only say it occurred as I have written it. I returned to my seat, a terrible feeling of mortification having passed over my young life.

They never spoke to me again that evening. There was no supper, and at half past eight we went up to bed. There were three smallish beds in the room where I was to sleep, and one large one with curtains round it. The large one was Miss Dale's, and two of us, I found, shared each of the smaller ones; my bedfellow was Clara Webb. She was a good-humored girl, more careless upon the point of "family" than most of the rest seemed to be, and did not openly rebel at having to sleep with me. Miss Dale came up for the candle after we were in bed.

The bell rang at half-past six in the morning, our signal for getting up: we had to be down by seven. There were studies till eight, and then breakfast, the same wretched tea, and the same coarse bread-and-butter.—At half past eight Miss Fenton read prayers, and at nine the school business commenced.

At ten mademoiselle was assembling her German class. Seven only of the pupils learnt it; I rose and went up with them: and was rewarded with a stare.

"What will be the use of German to *her*?" rudely cried a Miss Peacock, a whole torrent of scorn directed to me in her tone. "I don't fancy she is to learn it, mademoiselle, it may be as well to inquire."

Mademoiselle looked at me, hesitated, and then put the question to Miss Fenton, her imperfect English sounding through the room.

"Dis new young lady, is she to learn de German, madam?"

Miss Fenton directed her eyes towards us. "Miss Hereford? Yes. Miss Hereford is to learn everything taught in my establishment."

"Oh!" said Nancy Tayler, sotto voce.—"Are you to be a governess, pray, Miss Hereford?"

A moment's hesitation between pride and truth, and then with a blush of shame in my cheeks for the hesitation, came the brave answer:

"I am to be a governess; mamma gave the directions in her will. What fortune she left is to be expended upon my education, and she said there might be no better path of life open to me."

"That's candid, at anyrate," cried Miss Peacock."

We dined at two; and I don't suppose but what every girl was terribly hungry, after the scanty eight o'clock breakfast; a pernicious habit, rely upon it, that of making children wait till two for dinner, after a poor breakfast at eight. We had to dress for dinner, which was laid in Miss Fenton's dining-room, not in the bare place called the refectory; Miss Fenton dining with us and carving. It was handsomely laid, a good deal of silver on the table; and two servants waited, Betsey and another; indeed, the style and serving were superior. The dinner consisted of roast beef; a part of beef I had never seen; it seemed a large lump of meat and no bone. Very acceptable looked it to us hungry school girls! "We shall have plenty now," I thought.

My plate came to me last; *such* a little mite of meat, and three large potatoes! I could well have put the whole piece of meat in my mouth at once. Did she fancy I disliked meat? But upon looking at the other plates, I saw they were no better supplied than mine was; heaps of potatoes, but an apology for meat.

"Would we take more?" Miss Fenton asked, when we had despatched it. And the question was invariably put by her, every day; we as invariably answering Yes. The servants took our plates up, and brought them back; I do not believe that the whole meat combined, supplied to us in that second serving, would have weighed two ounces. Pudding again we had, as much as we liked, and then came a baked rice pudding.

Miss Fenton boasted of her plentiful table. That there was a plentiful dinner always placed on the table was indisputable, *but we did not get enough of it*. We were starved in the sight of plenty. I have seen a leg of mutton leave the table (nay, they always so left the table), when two hearty eaters might well have eaten all there was cut out of it, and upon that the whole thirteen had dined! I a woman grown now, have seen much of this stingy, deceitful habit of carving, not only in schools but in some private families. "We keep a plentiful table," many, who have to do with the young, will say. "Yes," I think to myself, "but do those you profess to feed, get helped to enough of it?" The scanty breakfast, this dinner, and the tea I have described, were all the meals we had; and this was a "select," "first class" establishment, where the terms charged were high. Miss Fenton took her supper at eight, alone, and the teachers supped at nine in the refectory; rumors were abroad in the school, that there supper *is*, or at least Miss Fenton's, were sumptuous meals. I know we often smelt savory cooking at bed-time. Sometimes we had pudding before meat, often we had cold meat, sometimes hash, often meat pies, with a very thick crust over and under; I do not fancy Miss Fenton's butcher's bill could have been a heavy one. In low-priced schools this niggardly style of treatment may be justifiable; where parents pay but little, the cheaper sorts of food may be expected to be substituted for wholesome meat; but where the pupils are fairly paid for, it is nothing less than a fraud upon the parent, and a cruel wrong upon the child. A child who is not well nourished, will not possess too much of rude health and strength in after life.

That was an unhappy day to me; how I was despised, slighted, scorned, I cannot adequately describe. It was so palpable as to attract the attention of the teachers, and in the evening they inquired into the cause. Mademoiselle Leduc could not by any force of reasoning be brought to comprehend it; she was unable to understand why I was not as good as the rest, and why they should not deem me so; society in France and in England is differently constituted, and the ideas brought to bear on it, in the separate countries, have little relation, the one with the other.

"Bah!" said she, slightingly, giving up as useless the trying to comprehend, "elles sont folles, ces demoiselles."

Miss Dale held a colloquy with the rest, and then called me up. She began asking me questions about my studies, what mamma had taught me, how far I was advanced, all in a kind, gentle way; and she patted my hair on my forehead, and looked into my eyes.

"Your mamma was Mrs. Hemson's sister," she said afterwards.

"Not her sister, ma'am; her cousin."

"Her cousin, was it?" she resumed after a pause. "What was your papa? I heard Miss Fenton say you were an orphan."

"Papa?"

"I mean what was he? In trade?"

"He was an officer in Her Majesty's service."

"Of what grade? Lieutenant Hereford? Captain Hereford?"

"He was Colonel Hereford."

"Colonel Hereford?" she quickly returned, looking at me as though she doubted I was in error. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, Miss Dale. He was Lieutenant Colonel Hereford."

"And your mamma, my dear?" she pursued, "do you know what her name was before she married?"

"Mamma was a *lady*," I answered, with a deep flush. "She was Miss Carew. Mrs. Hemson was Miss Frances Carew; but she gave up her position to marry Mr. Hemson."

Miss Dale paused, said she remembered to have heard it, and then, breaking into a smile, called up two of the young ladies who were standing near. They happened to be Miss Tayler and Miss Peacock.

"When next you young ladies take a prejudice against a new pupil, it may be as well for you to be more assured of your grounds than you have been, I fancy, in this case," she observed to them, in a tone of sarcasm. "You have been sending Miss Hereford to Coventry, on the score of her not being your equal in point of family: were she older, perhaps she would retaliate by sending some of you. If it came to the proof, there is scarcely one in the school but she would take precedence of. Her father was Lieutenant-Colonel Hereford. Don't make geese of yourselves again."

"But—she—Mrs. Hemson is her aunt!" debated Jane Peacock.

"Mrs. Hemson is not her aunt, it appears," replied Miss Dale; "Mrs. Hemson is cousin to her late mother. Mrs. Hemson is a lady by birth; she forfeited her position when she married Mr. Hemson. Take care that none of you make an imprudent marriage, for you perceive that such causes trouble to connections, as it would inevitably do to yourselves."

Miss Dale dismissed them, and turned to the French governess.

"Pretentious children!" she uttered, "I wonder how they like the explanation? Miss Peacock especially, whose friends are in trade themselves!"

"Betse!" was all mademoiselle condescended to answer.

But the words had struck upon my ear and senses. Miss Peacock's friends in trade! then why the outcry against me for being connected with the Hemsons? Miss Dale explained.

"Not in retail trade, my dear. Mr. Peacock is a large manufacturer. They live in a fine house outside the town; live as gentlepeople, you see, keeping their carriage and servant."

The two young ladies had gone forth with their news to the school, and the tide set in for me as strenuously as it had before set in against me. The avowal that I was to be a governess appeared to be completely ignored, or forgotten; perhaps it was not believed; Mr. Peacock again we had, as much as we liked, and then came a baked rice pudding.

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"How much money have you got, little Anne Hereford?"

I exhibited my purse. It contained three half crowns. One had been given me by Miss Delves, the other two by Mrs. Hemson.

"Seven and sixpence, that's not much," quoth they. I suppose you'd wish to act according to the custom of the school."

Of course I intimated that I should—if I knew what that was.

"Well, the custom is, you see, for a new girl to give a feast to the rest. We have it in the bedroom after Dale has been for the candle. Ten shillings has been the sum usually spent—but I suppose your three half crowns must be made sufficient: you are but a little one."

I wished to myself that they had left me one of the half crowns, but could not for the world have so intimated to them. I wrote out a list of the articles suggested, and gave the money to one of the servants, it was Betsey, to procure them; doing all this according to directions. Cold beef and ham from the eating-house, rolls and butter, penny pork pies, small German sausages, jam tarts, and a bottle of raisin wine comprised the list.

Betsey smuggled the things in, and conveyed them to the play-room. Strict orders meanwhile being given to me to say that I brought them to school in my box, should the affair, by mischance, be found out. It would be so cruel to get Betsey turned out of her place, they observed; but they had held many such treats, and never been found out yet.

Miss Dale came as usual for the candle that night, and took it. For a few minutes we lay still as mice, and then sprang up and admitted the rest from their bedroom. Half a dozen wax tapers were lighted, abstracted from the girl's private writing desks, and half a dozen more were in readiness to be lighted, should the first not hold out. And the feast began.

"Now, Anne Hereford, it's your treat, so of course you are the one to wait upon us. You must go to the decanter for water when we want it, and listen at the door against eaves' droppers, and deal out the rolls—By the way, how many knives have come up? Look, Peacock."

"There's only one. One knife and two plates; well, we'll make the sheet do for plates; or our hands."

"Our hands will be best, and then we can lick up the crumbs. Is the corkscrew up for the wine?"

"I have got that," said Clara Webb.

"Hush! don't talk so loud: they are hardly at supper yet. Down stairs," cried Miss Tayler. "Now, mind; we'll have no disputes what shall be eaten first, like we had last time: it shall all be served out regularly.—Beef and ham to begin with; pork pies and sausages next: jam tarts last; rolls and butter ad libitum, to fill up the interstices; water with the feast, and the wine to finish up with. That's the order of the day, and if any girl's not satisfied with it, she can retire to bed, which will leave the more for us who are. You see that wash-hand stand, Anne Hereford; well, the water's on that, and you had better put a taper near it, or you won't see to pour it out, and will be giving yourself a bath. Now, then, I'll be carver."

She cut the ham into ten portions, the beef likewise, and told me to give round a roll. Then the rolls were cut open and buttered, various dexterous being improvised for the latter necessity, by those who could not wait their turn for the knife; tooth-brush handles and fingers not being altogether absent. Next came the delightful business of eating.

"Get some water, Anne Hereford."

I obeyed, though it was just as I was about to take the first bite of the feast. Laying down my share on the counterpane, I brought the tumbler of water.

"And now, Anne Hereford, you must listen at the door."

"If you please, may I take this with me?" for I had once more caught up the tantalizing supper.

"Of course you can, little stupid!"

I went to the door, the beef and ham doubled up in one hand, the buttered roll in the other, and there eat and listened. The scene would have made a good picture. The distant bed on which the eatables were flung, and on which the tapers in their little bronze stands rested, and the girls in their night-gowns gathered round, half lounging on it, talking eagerly, eating ravenously, enjoying themselves thoroughly; I shivering at the door, delighted with the feast, but half terrified lest interruption should come from below. That unlucky door had no fastening to it, so that any one could come, as the girls expressed it, bolt in. Some time before there had been a disturbance, because they had one night locked out Miss Dale, upon which Miss Fenton had carried away the key.

"Our beef and ham's nearly gone, Anne Hereford. Is yours?"

It was Georgina Digges who spoke, and she half turned round to do so, for she was leaning forward on the bed with her back to me. I was about to answer, when there came a shrill scream from one of the others, a scream of terror. It was followed by another and another, until they were all screaming together, and I darted in alarm to the bed. Georgina Digges, in turning round, had let her nightgown sleeve touch one of the wax tapers, and set it on fire.

Oh, then was confusion! the shrieks rising and the flames with them. With a presence of mind perfectly astonishing in one so young, Nancy Tayler tore up the bedside carpet and flung it round her.

"Throw her down, throw her down! it is the only chance!" Nancy screamed to the rest, and there she was on the ground by the time those down stairs had rushed up. Some smothered more carpet on her, some threw a blanket, and the cook further poured out all the water from the wash-hand jugs.

"Who is it?" demanded Miss Fenton, speaking and looking more dead than alive.

None of us answered; we were too much terrified; but Miss Dale, who had been taking hurried note of our faces, said it must be Georgina Digges: her face was the only one missing.

I wonder what Miss Fenton thought when she saw the items of the feast as they lay on the bed! The scanty remains of the beef and ham, the buttered rolls half eaten, others ready to butter, the pork pies, the German sausages, the jam tarts, and the bottle of wine. Did a thought cross her that if the girls had been allowed better dinners, they might have been less eager for stolen suppers? *She* had probably been disturbed at her good supper, for a table napkin was tucked before her, underneath the string of her silk apron.

"You deceitful, rebellious girls!" Miss Fenton uttered. "Who has been the ringleader in this?"

A pause, and then a voice spoke from the midst of the huddled group of girls—*whose* voice I did not know then, and have never known to this day.

"The new girl, Anne Hereford. She brought the things to school in her box."

Miss Fenton looked round for me: I was standing quite at the back. I had not courage to contradict the words. But just then a commotion arose from the group which stood round the burnt girl, and Miss Fenton turned to it in her sickening fear.

The doctors came and we were consigned to bed, Georgina Digges being taken into another room. Happily she was found not to be dangerously burnt, badly on the arm and shoulder, but no further.

Of course there was a great row in the morning. Mrs. Hemson was sent for, and to her I told the truth, which I had not dared to tell to Miss Fenton. The two ladies had afterwards an interview alone, in which I felt sure Mrs. Hemson repeated every word I had spoken. Nothing more was said to me. Miss Fenton made a speech in the school to us collectively, setting forth the enormity of our offence in "sitting up at night to gormandize," (apologizing for the broad word) and forbidding it absolutely for the future.

Thus the affair ended. Georgina Digges recovered, and joined us in the school room: and she was not taken away, though we had thought she would be. But, in spite of the accident and Miss Fenton's prohibition, the feasts at night did go on, as often as a new girl came to be made to furnish one, or when the school subscribed a shilling each, and constituted it a joint affair. *One* little wax taper did duty in future, and that was placed on the mantelpiece, out of harm's way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JOKES FROM "VANITY FAIR."

NEAT FOR ABRAHAM.—"It is reported," said Secretary Cameron to President Lincoln, the other day, "that Jeff. Davis says he will before the Fourth of July, place the Confederacy's Coat of Arms over the White House door."

"The Confederacy's Coat?" said Abraham.

"Yes, sir."

"I should like to see him Try It On!" remarked the Chief Magistrate, with stern pleasantry.

This jest enjoyed great popularity in political circles for several days.

REBELS VERSUS PATRIOTS.—The first come under our Ban: the second come under our Banner!

SENTIMENT; BY A PENNSYLVANIAN.—The reign of Old King Cotton is over: now let us see what we can do for Old King Coal!

LITERARY.—It is reported that Mr. Emerson is about to deliver a series of Lectures in Boston (by way of offset to a series delivered some years ago) entitled "Reprehensible Men," beginning with that distinguished defunctionary, James Buchanan.

THE NEW NAME.—The Secessionists having given up the Fourth of July, together with Yankee Doodle and the Star Spangled Banner, propose, when they have captured Washington (*when!*) to change its name to Arnolds-ville, in grateful memory of their great prototype, Benedict.

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.—The decision of the seceders in regard to an attack on Washington seems to be the real Dread Scott decision.

PLEASED WITH ITS WIGFALL.—We read in the Galveston (Texas) News that:

"Senator Wigfall is a gentleman of vast pluck. He never flinched in the hour of danger, and he has been in very tight places."

We know he has been in places very Tight, but are not sure about his pluck.

"JOHN PHOENIX" DEAD.—Lieut. George H. Derby, author of the "John Phœnix" papers in the Knickerbocker, died a few days since in an insane asylum. Lieut. Derby was a native of Massachusetts, from which he was appointed to the West Point Academy, where he graduated in 1842. On the 1st of July, 1846 he was made Brevet Second Lieutenant of Ordnance, and in August following he was transferred to the Topographical Engineers. He served in the Mexican war with distinction, and for "gallant and meritorious conduct" in the battle of Cerro Gordo, where he was severely wounded, he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy.

A FRIEND.

Some true heart has given expression to its generous nature in the following beautiful sentiment:—

"Never desert a friend when enemies gather round. When sickness falls on his heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try a new friend. They who turn from a scene of distress betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, and studies your interest and happiness, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated and that his love is not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They deny its worth who never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy."

MOTHERS THAT ARE WANTED.—It is a blessing and advantage utterly incalculable to have for a mother a woman of sense, superiority and goodness; with force of character; with talents and cleverness; with solid information; with tact, temper, patience and skill fitted to train and mould the mind, to implant principles, and awaken a lofty and laudable ambition; and all this presided over and purified by religious faith, deep piety, and earnest devotion. These are the mothers that the church and the world alike want.

The destinies of the race depend more on its future mothers than on anything else; that is to say, on the sort of women young girls and young ladies are to be made into, or into which they will make themselves; and the sort of wives that young men will have the sense to prefer, the judgment to select, and the happiness to secure.

☞ The re taking of the oath of allegiance by the officers of the army and navy, has elicited the remark that allegiance to the Government must be like the process of vaccination, which runs out every few years.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order*.

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

NOTICE.

In such unsettled times as these, it will scarcely be possible for the proprietors of THE POST to extend as much forbearance as heretofore to subscribers in arrears. In all such cases, if the money is not speedily remitted in answer to our bills, we shall be compelled to stop the paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"E." "Regina" has been published in pamphlet form by T. B. Peterson & Bros., of this city. Remember, we have not your address—forward it, and we will send you a copy. Thanks for your very pretty poem—and your kind wishes.

A PITY.

The tone of the English papers, it must be admitted, is not of that friendly character towards the United States—in this, its great hour of trial—which our citizens had reason to expect. While several of those papers, including the *London Daily News*, have no sympathy with a rebellion which, if successful, would greatly lessen the power of the Union among the nations of the earth, others, including the *Times*, are evidently secretly rejoicing at the prospect of having a rival removed from their path, and at the thought that hereafter there will be at least two Unions instead of one, whom it will be very easy at any time to checkmate by playing one off against the other. Foreign intervention, of late a dangerous game on the American continent, it is thought may be safely indulged in if the process of disintegration is successful, and the name of America be hereafter erased as a great Power from the list of nations.

That the English Government, judging by the articles in the most influential London papers, and by the recent debate in the House of Lords, means at present to maintain a cold-blooded neutrality between the Union and the Rebellion, can hardly be doubted. Nothing but a popular movement, showing that the people of England sympathize more strongly with Principles than with Pelf, with Constitutional Liberty than with Cotton, probably could compel the Government to be true to the old traditions of English freedom.

It is, as we have said, a pity. Notwithstanding the opium war in China, we had hoped better things of old England. But it is to be feared that in her case, "the age of chivalry is passed—that that of sophists, economists, and *calculators* has succeeded,—and the glory of England is extinguished forever." Even France—the France of Louis Napoleon—seems to have more sympathy with the United States than is felt by our old "mother country."

Just hear how even *Punch* talks—*Punch*, who represents, as we suppose, a large section of the literary men, the *uncommercial* class of England:—

Oh Jonathan and Jefferson,
Come listen to my song;
I can't decide, my word upon,

Which of you is most strong.

I do declare I am afraid
To say which worse behaves,
The North, *imposing bonds on Trade*,
Or South, that Man enslaves.

And here you are about to fight,
And wage intestine war,
Not either of you in the right;
What simpletons you are!

Too late your madness you will see,
And when your passion cools,
"Snakes!" you will bellow, "How could we
Have been such 'tarnal fools!"

One thing is certain; that if you
Blow out each other's brains,
'Twill be apparent what a few
Each blockhead's skull contains.
You'll have just nothing for your cost,
To show, when all is done,
Greatness and glory you'll have lost
And not a dollar won.

"Bonds on *trade*"—"not a dollar won"—see how even the thoughts of the English literary Bohemians run to trade, cotton and the almighty dollar! And then the *sensible* advice—make peace, don't fight about nothing, &c., as if any nation ever made stronger efforts to maintain peace than we have done—not taking up arms until the question had fairly come to be war or chaos; until the National Government not only had been spit upon, so to speak, repeatedly, but kicked and cuffed again and again; until the world had begun to think both the Government and the loyal people either fools or cowards, who could not even be shamed into an appeal to arms.

Why, it is evident to any clear-headed man that no possible humiliation on our part would have satisfied the Secession leaders.—Had the Government given up Sumter—the next demand would have been for Pickens. Had that been given up, the demand would have been for Key West. Had Key West been yielded, the demand would have been for *half* the Territories—had they been yielded, the demand would have been for a rendition of all fugitive slaves. And, in proportion as the demands were granted, the Secessionists feeling stronger, and really being made stronger, would have been still more peremptory and exacting. War was inevitable, in any event, and do what you please. It was simply a question whether the war should be postponed until Secession had become legalized, and a power among the nations, with ability to make foreign alliances, and thus introduce foreign troops into our midst, to aid first and enslave afterwards, or whether to fight at once, with a half organized rebellion on one side, and all the prestige of a lawful Government on the other. The hesitation originating in love of peace that did take place, was mad enough—to have hesitated longer would have been absolute insanity.

Suppose the Cotton States should succeed in establishing a quasi independence, what good will it do them? Not a particle. They will naturally form a close alliance, in order to protect themselves against us, with either France or England. To form such an alliance, is simply to become the tool and subject of the power whose assistance is invoked. It is to force us, in our turn, to maintain a large army and navy. It is to overthrow ultimately the mild and parental form of government which we have so far enjoyed, based on its great strength, and its distance from danger, and substitute in its place two armed and stern republics, ready at any moment for war. And this is the best, and not the worst view of it.

Already the London papers talk in so many words of pitting one American Union against the other—and of Canada holding the "balance of power" on this continent. If we are not greatly mistaken, Canada will never come into these infamous views of European ambition. She will see that the true American policy points rather to further union as a basis of everlasting peace on this continent, than towards isolation and future wars. Canada can have no real interest that is not ours. In spite of the scene immediately before us, we hope to see the day when all of North America where the English language is spoken, will be united in one great Union—local customs and liberties being effectually preserved by local legislatures. In the natural order of events, without hurry and without confusion, Canada and the United States should ally themselves together. The Creator evidently intended them for each other—all their interests, political, social, and monetary, point that way.

Well, even if forced to give up all our old sympathy with England and the English people, we shall not abandon our faith in the old English principles. The England of the past is at least secure. It is not difficult to determine upon whose side would be arrayed Cromwell and Hampden and Milton. And though the sound of their noble voices seems to be no longer heard in the land they once blessed with their presence—though cotton-spinning seems to be now considered the great end of the English subject, and "opening new fields for our trade" the great object of the English statesman—it is pleasant to think, amid all our troubles, that the men of America are manifesting by their actions at this epoch, that they are the true sons of those who fought also a good fight against deluded fellow-countrymen, at Naseby and Marston Moor.

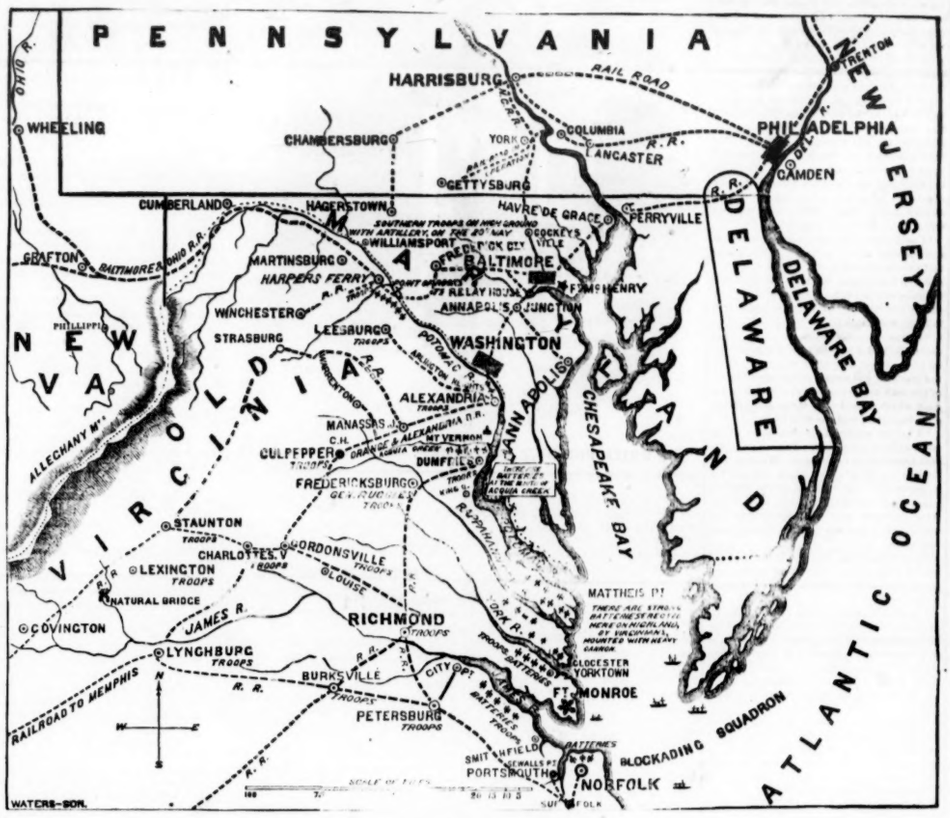
NOT BAD.

A recent letter from an old subscriber in Mississippi, in the course of which he gave us a not very flattering piece of his mind relative to us Northerners generally, winds up as follows:—

"Should the mails fail entirely, please send me a batch of the Posts now and then by the troops coming down this way."

As the mails have already failed entirely, we shall be unable to send any papers to Mississippi, except in the manner so coolly designated by our indignant correspondent.

It is a little curious that the gentleman in question, does not use the word *diabolical* once. Nearly every letter we have recently received from the seceded States, if it touched upon politics at all, has had the word "diabolical" in it—and occasionally several times. "Diabolical Northern cut-throats," as applied to the troops, is a very favorite expression. To one who knows to what a set of good humored, orderly, well behaved fellows this language is applied—as witness their conduct in Annapolis, Baltimore, Washington, Alexandria, &c.—such epithets excite laughter rather than indignation. Of course when there is any fighting to be done, they cannot be expected to act like lambs—but, the conflict over, if they do not scrupulously respect the persons and property of unoffending non-combatants, we shall be greatly disappointed in our Northern soldiery. We have no fear that they will not give abundant evidence in their conduct of the school-houses and the churches which are found in close neighborhood in every Northern village.



THE SEAT OF WAR.

The above diagram will give our readers an accurate idea of the position of the different localities in Virginia and Maryland, at and near which the Confederate Army have troops stationed; also, the location of other points which have been brought more particularly into notice since the commencement of hostilities.

The rapid movements of the troops renders it impossible to state accurately the number of men at any of the points, and we have therefore merely designated the towns occupied. Virginia having been evidently selected by the leaders of the Confederate forces as the battle-ground, every town and village at which they have concentrated their men has been strongly fortified, so that when beaten back they may be protected in their retreat.

Upon the diagram will also be found denoted the position of the different batteries erected by the Rebels upon Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, some of which have this early in the struggle been the scene of warm engagements.

On the left hand side of the map, are marked the towns of Grafton and Phillippi, two villages which have gained considerable notoriety within the past few days.

Grafton is a flourishing town in Taylor county, situated at the junction of the Northwestern Virginia Railway with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 100 miles south-east from Wheeling, and 198 miles west from Harper's Ferry.

Phillippi is a small town on Tygart's Valley river, about twenty miles south from Grafton. The main road from Staunton to Clarksburg runs through the town, and it is supposed that the principal portion of the troops engaged in the conflict at this point on Monday morning, in which Col. Kelley was wounded, had come up the road from the former place.

It is the impression of some that Gen. McClellan's Division will rapidly move eastward from this point, and will make an attack upon Harper's Ferry from the west, simultaneously with an assault from the eastward by the troops under Gen. Patterson, now concentrating at Chambersburg.

At the same time, it is believed a march will be made upon Richmond, by the troops now stationed at and in the vicinity of Washington, and by those at Fortress Monroe.

Richmond, the capitol of the State of Virginia, is situated in Henrico county, and is located on the James river, at the head of tide water. It is beautifully located on the west side of the river, between fifty and sixty miles above City Point, and one hundred and fifty above the mouth of the river. It is directly opposite Manchester, to which it is connected by two bridges. The situation is healthy and highly picturesque. Shockoe and Richmond hills stand opposite each other, and Shockoe creek passes between them, and the city is spread over these hills, and along the margin of the creek.

In the western division of the city, on Shockoe Hill, stands the capitol. It has a very commanding position, in the centre of a public square, of an oblong form, containing about eight acres, ornamented with shrubbery, and laid out with graveled walks. The population of the city is about 35,000.

The city of Norfolk is a port of entry; it is located on the right bank of Elizabeth river, just below the confluence of its two branches, eight miles from Hampton Roads, and thirty-two miles from the ocean. It has a court house, theatre, marine hospital, banks, custom-house, &c., and a United States Navy Yard. At the latter is a dry dock, constructed of hewn granite, which cost $974,436. The Dismal Swamp Canal connects Chesapeake Bay with Albemarle Sound, and opens an extensive water communication with Norfolk to the South. The population of the city is about 20,000.

Harper's Ferry is situated at the junction of the Shenandoah river with the Potomac river, at the passage of the united stream through the Blue Ridge. It derives its importance from being the location of the United States Arsenal, recently destroyed to prevent its falling into the hands of the Rebels. It is eighty one miles from Washington and one hundred and seventy three from Richmond.

Fredericksburg is situated on the right bank of the Rappahannock river, at the head of tide water, one hundred and ten miles above the Chesapeake, and on the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, sixty miles from the former place, and seventy miles from Washington. The population of the city is between six and eight thousand. Fredericksburg enjoys good natural facilities for military defence, from its contiguity to the Potomac, and is now being used as the concentrating point for a large body of Rebel troops. It is on a line of railroad leading to Washington.

NEWS ITEMS.

A WOMAN in France, whose only son was drawn for a soldier, learned that if she were a widow he would be exempt, as the prop of the family. Upon this hint she murdered her husband. Always before she had been a quiet, well behaved woman and a good wife. Her mind was probably affected.

GEN. SCOTT, like Marlborough, has never lost a battle. He says he wants to make the present while it is the last, the greatest of his campaigns.

ROPE FERRIES ACROSS THE POTOMAC.—A correspondent of the Providence Journal says a detachment of twenty five picked men from the Rhode Island Brigade, and twenty five men from the Massachusetts Fifth Regiment, in one night, constructed six rope ferries across the Potomac, capable of carrying over three hundred troops every ten minutes. This shows the great caution manifested by the General in Chief when he threw his forces over on the Virginia side of the river, and how well he guarded against any trap set by the enemy, at the bridge or elsewhere.

MARKET VALUE OF CONFEDERATE BONDS.—Fifty thousand dollars of the bonds of the Southern Confederacy, belonging to parties in New Orleans, La., who were forced to sell them, were disposed of a fortnight ago, at the rate of *ten cents on a dollar*. Only five thousand dollars could be obtained in that market, for the entire lot, which within a few months cost $50,000. As to their real value, it is not one cent. He who loans money to that "government" might as well *give it* at once, and get the credit of munificence.

THE FOUNDATION WRONG.—Dr. Smith, a prominent writer of South Carolina, inquires in a pamphlet, "What is the difficulty, and what the remedy? Not in the election of Republican Presidents. No. Not in the execution of the Fugitive Bill. *No*. But it lies back of all these. It is found in that Atheistic, Red Republican doctrine of the Declaration of Independence! Until it is trampled under foot, there can be no peace."

FIVE Baptist papers in the secession States have been suspended. There are few paper mills at the South, and many of the political weekly papers are compelled to suspend. It does not much matter, as, since the mails have stopped, the editors would have very little to put in them.

AN ice machine, Harrison's invention, is worked in London, producing with a ten horse steam-engine, 8,000 pounds of ice in twenty four hours, at a total expense of $2.50 per ton, which was said to be 50 cent. cheaper than imported ice.

RATHER INAPPROPRIATE JUST NOW.—The State of Louisiana is represented in the Washington Monument by a fancy block of marble, on which is the following inscription:—"Presented by the State of Louisiana *Ever faithful* to the Constitution and the Union."

MEETING OF AMERICANS IN PARIS.—Galignani says:—A large meeting of Americans was held on the 18th, at the rooms of the Hon. Mr. Sandford, United States minister to Belgium, for the purpose of sustaining the Federal government. A large amount of money was subscribed, which will secure all the Whitworth guns that can be supplied for a long time.

PHILADELPHIA VOLUNTEERS.—Of Colonel Baker's regiment of California volunteers, nine out of ten companies are Philadelphians. Colonel Lojeane's men from this city, now in General Sickles's N. Y. brigade, number 700, thus making 1,600, and, with Captain Power's two companies, 1,800 Philadelphians embodied under those two organizations, whose head-quarters are in New York.

GEORGE MCCLELLAN, of Pennsylvania, who was appointed Major General of the Western volunteers, and afterwards Major General of the regular army, by the President, it is said outranks all other general officers, and will be Commander in Chief of the army of the United States, in the event of the death of Lieutenant General Scott, instead of Gen. Wool. He is not much over thirty years of age.

FRIDAY.—The bombardment of Sumter was commenced on Friday; the troubles in Baltimore took place on Friday; the first and bloodiest riot in St. Louis occurred on Friday; the attack on Sewall's Point was made on Friday; the attack on Alexandria was made on Friday, and Ellsworth was shot on Friday. It has been all a "Friday" business.

EX PRESIDENT BUCHANAN is far from being a favorite among the soldiers at Washington. Dr. Bellows, in a recent sermon said that when he visited the Capitol he observed that the picture of the old man, which hangs upon the wall in the Rotunda, was becoming dim to sight by reason of accumulating contacts of the favorite weed of Virginia, thrown upon it by the soldiers!

THE resignations in the Army and Navy have been so much exaggerated that it seems difficult to realize the fact that there are still more. Some ten officers opposed to resigning than those who have thrown up their commissions. There are even now a great many more in the service than have left it. Not one fourth of the whole number of officers have resigned.

"SHINPLASTERS" IN CHARLESTON, S. C.—The city of Charleston, S. C., has issued a very neat style of currency, in the shape of "shinplasters." Some of them read as follows:—"The Council of the City of Charleston, S. C., U. S. A., certify that one may pass for five (5) cents." The tavern keepers, it is said, charge six of these "shinnies" for a "smile."

☞ Some men's minds are so badly tumbled that they can't be made up.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

The Bath (Maine) Times is one of the spiciest and liveliest of all our down-east exchange list. We subjoin a specimen of its good things on the war, found in a recent number:

Those persons who claim the right to talk treason under the cover of free speech, are like the new importation, who thought this a pretty *free* country, in which a man was not allowed to steal occasionally.

"Don't you think I'd make an excellent soldier?" said a weak-kneed gentleman to his patriotic wife. "Yes, *indeed*," was the instant response, "an admirable *grumpy-dore*."

The Southern rebels, it is said, are well supplied with rifle muskets and rifle cannon. Why shouldn't they be, when they have rifled so many U. S. forts and arsenals?

A young man in Dover wishing to enlist, was rejected, because of being half an inch too short. The next day he applied, and proved tall enough. He had put on a thick pair of taps upon his boots. A young man of so much *sole* will *kick* his way through the world without trouble.

From various of our exchanges we compile the following timely and humorous paragraphs:—

Jones is willing to accord to Virginia the honor she claims of being the "Mother of States and of Statesmen," but he insists that she is "*past bearing*," and has been so for many years.

Willis says that a stroll through our besoldiered Broadway has convinced him of a previous impression, that men of small stature are aptest to be military. The Vermont regiment, "with not a man under six feet," were evidently mere exceptions—fine-looking fellows, all of them, but still without that combative demeanor which shows that a man takes to it naturally. The thousands of smaller men in uniform who were everywhere visible, were of such very different style—so much more bantam-y and pluck-y in their bearing and countenance! He is inclined to think that for a diminutive man to fight, gives relief to a certain jealous resentment against nature for having been done injustice to.

Presenting flags to regiments is all very well, but the money they cost, if invested in shoes and stockings, would make the volunteers feel more like fight. In no time in the world does a man feel like kicking an enemy so much, as when he mounts a new pair of brogans. Let our people think of this, and act accordingly.

The military corps denominated the "Alabama Cadets," in passing through Knoxville, (Tenn.,) to join the rebel forces in Virginia, issued invitation tickets for a ball at the White House on the 4th of July. One of the officers, considering the taking of Washington so too small an achievement, swore, in a public speech, that he was going to march his victorious soldiers into Wall street and pay them off. They will be likely to be "paid off" before they reach more than half that distance, though the "balls," in the neighborhood of the White House may prove to be thick enough for comfort.

A gentleman in Boston has received an epistle from a former friend in Alabama, who discourses in this pleasant fashion. "I would not in the least mourn your loss, but would remember you in my prayers as I remember John Brown, beseeching for him and you alike the hottest corner of the hottest department of hell, and the closest and most unremitting attentions of the devil."

The captain elect of a Vicksburg, (Miss.,) company, in returning thanks, pledged himself to achieve glory for the company or die in the attempt. The first lieutenant said that if the captain fell he should endeavor worthily to fill his place. The second lieutenant followed in a similar strain, when the third lieutenant said that when the captain and the first and second lieutenants should be killed, under such circumstances he didn't think it would be prudent to lead the soldiers any further, and he should then order a retreat.

LATEST NEWS.

THE MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD.—Colonel Piper and his force of bridge builders are at work on this road, and by Tuesday noon they will have all the bridges rebuilt for seven miles. The Rebels are taking up the iron on the other end, but fortunately there is about three hundred tons in Alexandria. The freight depot is filled with commissary stores.

GEN. SCOTT'S OPINION.—The experienced veteran, who directs and controls the military movements of the day, said to a confidential friend, within a few days, that peace would be restored to the whole country and the country restored to its legitimate proportions by the return of May month in 1862.

FROM EUROPE.—The commercial says that Austria sends assurances that she will give no countenance to the Southern rebellion; France will aid the North if necessary, and the English Ministry is better inclined towards us.

FORTRESS MONROE.—The Zouaves, in a recent check at Hampton, captured one hundred muskets. The enemy fled before any prisoners could be secured. The Union sentiment is gaining ground rapidly in the neighborhood of Fortress Monroe.

TWO COMING.—Arrangements have been made to pay the volunteers off in a few days, without waiting for Congress.

Arrangements are being made by the State Government at Harrisburg to advance one month's pay to every volunteer who mustered into service from the State of Pennsylvania. The amount of money thus to be distributed will be over $300,000, and it will, no doubt, be refunded by the Government at Washington.

ALEXANDRIA.—A number of "fugitives from labor" are coming into the camp. On Saturday, a slave of John A. Washington came in, and just as he reached the picket, a man rode up and demanded that the volunteers should catch him and tie him. They told him *they were not there to act as dogs for him* and requested him to dismount. He was identified as having been the man who was carrying letters to and from Alexandria. His horse was seized, and, after some parleying, he was released, but the horse retained. After he had been gone a short time, they reconsidered their action, and sent a company after him; but they have not yet caught him.

BALLOONING.—Prof. Allen is with the troops in Virginia with a large balloon, to aid in taking observations.

HOW MATTERS STAND.—As we write this article, the indications are that a rapid movement forward along the whole line of the United States' forces will soon be made. The advance column of the Pennsylvania troops is at Hagerstown, within about 25 miles of Harper's Ferry. Gen. McClelland is at Grafton and Philippi, and will doubtless move either on Harper's Ferry also, or in the direction of Winchester or Strasburg. At Baltimore there seems to be a large number of troops, who will be held as a reserve, and can be ordered either to Frederick, Washington or Fortress Monroe, as circumstances may determine. The recent affair at Philippi would tend to confirm our supposition of last week, that the Disunion forces will not fight so well in the open field as behind entrenchments. When they see the old flag waving in the assaulting ranks, doubtless that too has a tendency to unnerve them. They may feel perhaps that there is no shame, but rather honor, in flying before the flag of their country—the old banner under which their fathers and ours have stood together on so many bloody fields, and on which the stars of their own State governments are still gloriously shining.

MILITARY APPOINTMENTS.—It is to be hoped that great care will be taken by the Government in the appointment of new officers. There is too much at stake to gratify mere politicians, who know nothing of war, and overlook men who have had experience, and, in many cases, been bred to arms. Some recent appointments are of very doubtful propriety, to say the least; and if any disaster is suffered by our troops in consequence of the bad leadership of the civilians recently invested with high commands, the Government will be greatly and justly censured.

CASSIUS M CLAY, the American minister to Russia, has written a letter to the London Times on the American struggle, in brief but decisive terms. He says that the revolted States can be subdued, but it is not proposed to subjugate them, but simply to put down their rebel citizens. England's true interest is to stand by the Union. He inquires if England can afford to offend the United States, and is England so secure against home revolution and foreign ambition as to venture to sow the seed of revenge? He concludes by asserting that England is the natural ally of the United States. The Times has a flippant and rather insolent comment upon Mr. Clay's letter.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.—There was a report last week of a misunderstanding between the Secretary of War and the President, and that Mr. Cameron would resign. Unfortunately, this report was too good to be true. The appointment of Mr. Cameron to so important a position as Secretary of War, was Mr. Lincoln's first great blunder. The appointment was very unpopular among the well-informed people of all parties in this State—the politicians, greedy for plunder, and who scented the prey afar off, being its principal advocates. Mr. Cameron has been generally considered in Pennsylvania as "a man of principle in proportion to his interest," and who understands "working the wires." When the Republican State Convention nominated him for President, the great mass of the Republican party thought it must be a joke—while thousands of its honest and intelligent members were disgusted, and almost tempted to forswear politics altogether. We do not care to dwell upon this matter, but what we have said is the simple truth. And in this connection we may say, that we think there is more reason to fear enduring harm to the Republic from the unblushing corruption that prevails among the leaders of all our political parties, than from even the present dangerous disunion rebellion.

MY LITTLE SWEETHEART.

Ah! sad are they of whom no poet writes,
Nor ever any story-teller hears—
The childless mothers who on lonesome nights
Sit by their fires and weep, having the chores
Done for the day, and time enough to see
All the wide floors
Swept clean of playthings, they, as needs must be,
Have time enough for tears.

But there are griefs more sad
Than ever any childless mother had—
You know them, who do smother nature's cries
Under poor masks
Of smiling, slow despair—
Who put your white and unadorning hair
Out of your way, and keep at homely tasks
Unbiest with any praises of men's eyes,
Till death comes to you with his piteous care
And to unmarriageable beds you go,
Saying, "It is not much—'tis well, if so
We only be made fair,
And looks of love await us when we rise."

My cross is not so hard as theirs to bear,
And yet alike to me are storms, or calms
My life's young joy,
The brown-cheeked farmer boy,
Who led the daisies with him like his lambs—
Carved his sweet picture on my milking-pail,
And cut my name upon his threshing-flail,
One day stopped singing at his plough—alas!
Before that summer time was gone, the grass
Had checked the path which to the sheep-field led,
Where I had watched him tread
So oft on evening's trail—
A shining oat-sheaf balanced on his head,
And nodding to the gale.

Rough wintry weather came, and when it sped,
The emerald wave
Swelling above my little sweetheart's grave,
With such bright, bubbly flowers was set about,
I thought he blew them out,
And so took comfort that he was not dead.

For I was of a rude and ignorant crew,
And hence believed whatever things I saw
Were the expression of a hidden law,
And with a wisdom wiser than I knew
Evoked the simple meanings out of things
By childlike questionings

And he they named with shudderings of fear
Had never, in his life, been half so near
As when I sat all day with cheeks unkissed,
And listened to the whisper, very low,
That said our love, above death's wave of woe,
Was joined together like the seamless mist

God's yea, and nay,
Are not so far away.
I said, but I can hear them when I please,
Nor could I unsteep
Their doubting faith, who only touch his hand
Across the blind, bewildering centuries.

And often yet, upon the shining track
Of the old faith, come back
My childish fancies, never quite subdued;
And when the sunset shuts up in the wood
The whispery sweetness of uncertainty,
And night, with misty locks that loosely drop
About his ears, brings rest, a welcome boon,
Playing his pipe with many a starry stop
That makes a golden snarling in his tune—

I see my little lad
Under the leafy shelter of the boughs,
Driving his noiseless, visionary cows,
Clad in a beauty I alone can see
Laugh, you, who never had
Your dead come back, but do not take from me
The harmless comfort of my foolish dream,
That these, our mortal eyes,
Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies,
Do introvert upon eternity

And that the shapes you deem
Imaginations, just as clearly fall,
Each from its own divine original,
And through some subtle element of light,
Upon the inward, spiritual eye,
As do the things which round about them lie,
Gross and material, on the external sight.

SEVENTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR.

I had spent a night in a stage, a day in the saddle, a night in a sleeping car, half a day doing business, half a day in bed, and was, after supper, enjoying a cigar and a newspaper in the reading-room of the R——— House, in F———, Ind. The newspaper was uninteresting, or else I was rather sleepy—and I guess it was a little of both; so that I soon neglected it, to watch the fantastic curling of the smoke from my fine-flavored Principe. I didn't feel much like talking, and felt still less like reading; but I did feel as if I would like exceedingly well to hear a good story.

I had barely come to this conclusion, and commenced wishing for some one of my acquaintances to amuse me until the time was up for the train, which was to take me to G———, when I recognized in the person who sat next to me, a fellow traveller in the sleeping-car of the night before.

He was a very agreeable-looking little man, with a clear gray eye, light hair, sandy whiskers, and smiling mouth. Indeed, he had so much the appearance of the man that I would like to hear tell a story, that I thought Dame Fortune had smiled upon me when he recognized me with a genial

"How d'ye do, stranger?"

I returned his salutation, and asked him some common-place questions about how he had enjoyed the ride we took together.

He said something in reply about the running being too fast for the poor track; and from this the conversation ran upon fast travelling in general, for some time. At last I remarked that sixty miles an hour was the most speedy travelling that I had ever done. Whereupon my friend informed me, with a pleasant but knowing smile, that he had travelled considerable faster than that, and, in fact, faster than he had ever heard of, beside. Of course, I was anxious to know where, how, and when he had done it; and, after the modest assurance that he feared his tale would not be interesting, my friend relieved my anxiety by relating the following story:

"I am a railroad engineer. In '57, during the great panic, I was running on the F. & C. R. R. The railroad companies were growing tender in all directions. Every day we heard of new failures; and quite often in a quarter where we least expected it. Our road was generally looked upon as one of the most substantial in the nation; nobody seemed to have any great fear that it would fail to survive the general smash up. But yet I did not fully share in the general confidence. Wages were cut down; arrearages collected; and a great many other little matters seemed to indicate to me that the road had got into rather deeper water than was agreeable all around. Among other things, the master mechanic had told me in the spring that the company had ordered four first quality Taunton engines for the fall passenger business. The road was put in the very best condition, and other preparations were made, to cut down the time, and put the trains through quicker than was ever known before, when the new engines should come. Well, there was but one of the new engines came.

"I said there was but one engine came, and she was, in my opinion, altogether the best ever turned out of the Taunton Works; and that is saying as much as could be said in praise of any engine. She was put in my charge immediately, with the understanding that she was mine.

"It was Saturday when she came out of the shop, and I was to take a special train up to Y———. The train was to carry up the president and several of the other officers of the road, to meet some officers of another road, which crossed ours there, and arrange some important business with them.

"I had no trouble at all making my forty miles an hour going out. The engine handled herself most beautifully. We were just holding up at Y———, when Aldrich, the treasurer, who had come out on the platform to put the brake on, slipped and fell. As we were yet under good headway, he was very much injured, and was carried off to the hotel immediate.

"According to the president's directions, I switched off my train, turned my engine, and stood ready to start back to C——— at a moment's notice.

"Aldrich's presence was of so much importance, that the business could not be transacted without him; so all those I had brought out, except the president and Aldrich, went back to C——— on the three o'clock express train. This was the last regular train which was to pass over the road until the next Monday.

"Early in the evening I left the machine in charge of my fireman, and went over to an eating house, to see if I could not spend the time more pleasantly than on my engine. The hours dragged themselves away slowly. I was taking a game of dominoes with the station agent, when in came Roberts, the president, in a state of great excitement.

"'Harry,' said he, 'I want you to put me down in C——— at twelve o'clock.'

"As it was nearly eleven o'clock then, and the distance was seventy five miles, I thought he was joking at first; but when we got outside the door, he caught me by the arm and hurried me along so fast that I saw he was in earnest.

"'Harry,' said he, 'if you don't set me down in C——— by twelve o'clock, I am a ruined man, and this road is a ruined road. Aldrich is dead; but he told me, before he died, that he had embezzled, from time to time, five hundred thousand of our money; and his clerk is to start with it, on the twelve o'clock boat, from C——— for Canada. If we don't have that money on Monday morning, to make some payments with, the road goes into other hands; and if you put me down in C——— at the right time, so that I save the money, you shall have five thousand dollars. Understand it, Harry? Five thousand dollars!'

"Of course, I understood it. I saw now the reason why the wages had been cut down. I understood it all, and my blood boiled. I felt that I would save the road if I lived, and told Roberts so.

"'See that you do it, Harry,' he replied, as he climbed up on to the steps of the coach which was coupled to my engine.

"I sprang up into the foot-board, got up switch-tender to help my fireman, opened the throttle, and, just as she commenced moving, looked at my watch—it was just eleven o'clock, so that I had just one hour to make my seventy five miles in.

"From Y——— to C——— there were few curves in the road; but there were several heavy grades. I was perfectly acquainted with every rod of it; so that I knew exactly what I had to encounter; and, when I saw how the engine moved, I felt very little fear of the result.

"The road, for the first few miles, was an air line, and so smooth that my engine flew along with scarcely a perceptible jar. I was so busy posting myself up as to the amount of wood and water aboard, etc., that we danced by the first station almost before I was aware of it, having been five minutes out, and having five miles accomplished.

"'You are losing time,' yelled a voice from the coach. I looked around, and there was Roberts, with his watch in his hand.

"I knew very well that we would have to increase our speed by some means, if we carried out our plans of reaching C——— by midnight, and looked anxiously around to see what I could do to accomplish that purpose. She was blowing off steam fiercely at one hundred and ten pounds, so I turned down the valve to two hundred, for I knew we should need it all to make some of the heavy grades which lay between us and C———.

"It was three miles to the next station. With the exception of a few curves, the track was as good as the last. As we darted around what commonly seemed to be a rather long curve, at the station, but which was, at our high speed, short enough, I looked at my watch; and we had done it in two minutes and a half.

"'Gaining,' I shouted back to Roberts, who was standing on the platform of the coach.

"'Look out for the heavy grades,' he replied, and went inside the car.

"The next six miles rose gradually from a level, the first, to ten and a half feet grade, the last which lay between us and the next station. The fireman kept her full; and now she began to get hot. The furnace door was red, and the steam raised continually; so that she kept her speed, and passed the station, like a streak of light, in five minutes.

"Now came nine miles like the last; over which she kept pace with her time, and passed the station in seven minutes.

"Here, for ten miles, we had a twenty foot grade to encounter; but the worst of it all was, at this place we would be obliged to stop for wood. I was just going to speak to Roberts about it, when I looked around and saw him filling the tender from the coach with wood which had been placed there before starting, while he was gone after me.

"I believe we would have made this ten miles at the same speed as before; but, through the carelessness of the fireman, the fountain valve, on the left hand side of the engine, got opened, and the water rose in the boiler so far as to run the steam down to one hundred points, before I discovered where the difficulty lay.

"At first, Roberts didn't appear to notice the decrease of speed, and kept at work at the wood as if for dear life. But, presently, he looked up, and seeing that the speed had decreased, he shouted: 'Harry, we are stopping!' And then, coming over to where I was, he said: 'Why, here we have been ten minutes on the last ten miles, and I believe we will come to a dead stand, if something is not done. The speed is continually slacking! What is the matter?'

"I explained the cause. He was apparently satisfied with my explanation, and after having tied down the safety-valve, he climbed back over the tender, exhorting me to put her through, for God's sake, or we are beggars together!

"Just then, we passed the next station, having taken nine minutes for eight miles. We were now more than half over the road; but we had lost nearly ten minutes time, and had left only twenty-seven minutes to do thirty-four miles in.

"I had shut the water off from both my pumps, a little back, where I discovered what was the matter, and she was now making steam finely down a slight grade. From less than one hundred, with which we started over that ten mile stretch, she had two hundred pounds before we finished it; and as the gage indicated no higher than that, and the valve was tied down. I could not tell how much over two hundred pounds she carried, but she certainly carried none less the rest of the journey. And well might she carry such an enormous head of steam; for, after passing over that ten miles in eight minutes, there lay ten miles of a five feet up-grade, and fourteen miles of twenty to the mile depression between us and C———, and it was now eleven o'clock and forty seven minutes.

"Now the engine was hot in earnest. The furnace door, smoke arch and chimney, all were red; while she seemed to fly onward, as if the very evil one himself operated her machinery.

"Six minutes carried us over that ten miles; and we darted by the last station that had lain between us and C———. Now we had fourteen miles to go; and my time showed eleven o'clock and fifty three minutes.

"'If I live,' said I to myself, 'I will make it.' And we plunged down that twenty feet grade with all steam on. Persons who saw the train on that wild run, said that it was so soon after they heard the first sound of her approach, when the strange object, which looked as if it was a flame of fire, darted by, and then the sound of its travelling died away in the distance, that they could hardly convince themselves they had seen anything. It seemed more like a creature of a wild dream, than a sober reality.

"And now let me tell you, that no engine ever beat the time we made on those fourteen miles. Those great wheels, eleven feet in diameter, spun round so swift that you couldn't begin to count the revolutions. The engine barely seemed to touch the track as she flew along; and although the track was as true as it was possible for it to be, she swayed fearfully, and sometimes made such prodigious jolts that it required considerable skill for one to keep his feet. No engine would hold together, if crowded to a greater speed.

"Well, just as I came to a stand in the depot at C———, the big clock boomed out twelve, and the steamboat was getting her steam on. Roberts got on board in time, and nothing to spare.

"And he saved the money, did he?" I asked, when I saw that my friend had finished his story.

"Yes; he found it hid away in some old boxes, as Aldridge had directed him."

"If you are a passenger for G———," said a waiter, "the 'bus' is ready."

So I thanked my friend for his story, and bade him good by.

THE WHITE HOUSE AT MONTGOMERY—RENT $5,000 A YEAR.

FASHIONS IN SPELLING.

Walter Savage Landor writes from Florence to the London *Athenæum* a curious letter on "fashions in spelling." He says:

"In the *Athenæum* of April 5th, I find that a '*precision and pedantry*' of spelling is attributed to me, with my 'earnest recommendations,' which are also called 'ingenious.' Now there are only two or three spellings of mine different from the present fashions. One of them is *soeran*, so spelt by Milton; and this has now been adopted from my adoption. I would willingly write the particle and prefix, *red* instead of *read*, to avoid confusion. We already write *led* from *lead*. Yet nobody can mistake it for *lead* the metal, or *red* for the color, although the sounds are the same.

"Whenever reads Chaucer attentively, which I have done several times, will find many words better spelled in the 'Canterbury Tales,' than they are at present. The first corruption of our language was in the reign of Elizabeth; the second, in that of the second Charles; the last in our own days. Burke wrote 'another *guess*' for 'another *guise*,' catching the pronunciation of the vulgar. Yet Burke was highly eloquent, and moderately learned, although but little conversant with such authors as Hooker and Milton.

"We say and write 'somehow *or other*.' Where is the necessity of *or other*? This is superfluous and ungrammatical. We use such words as *re-write* and *re-read*. Can the stiffest and longest ear of the most patient endure such horrible sounds?

"I never have employed any word or spelling without good authority or strict analogy; and rarely hath strict analogy been sufficient. Carefully do I eschew all the neologies which are now creeping into the circulating library. I never mix old and new, even of the sound and racy. My bottles are well rinsed before I pour my wine into them.

"It is not every word used by Milton himself that I would venture to introduce, unless in an 'Imaginary Conversation' between persons living in his age.

"Now, to come down lower. We write and pronounce 'messenger,' formerly it was 'messager' much more properly. The vulgar say, in like manner, 'sauceager.' Of old, 'partridge,' was 'patrich.' We even yet, never say '*ostridge*.' That bird still keeps on his legs amid the shifting sands of the wilderness. We are negligent at analogy. We write equally with a single *l* the verb and noun '*rebel*.' Surely the verb is '*rebell*.' Our fathers wrote '*compell*.' On the contrary we write with a double *l* both adjective and adverb *still*. Would a nurse say '*the child is crying still?*' If we write *until*, why not *til* and *stil*?

"We write *pitch*, the material; why not *pich*, as *rich* and *which*?

"Eleven or twelve authors beginning with Chaucer and ending with Southey, might be consulted advantageously by the industrious, who could trace the variations of our spelling and the corruptions of our language. I began it, but it was hopeless to stem the current. In regard to my own writings, I stand under a special jury and await the verdict to be pronounced by Time.

"WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR."

NATURE'S ALPHABET.—Nature's alphabet is made up of only four letters, wood, water, rock and soil; yet with these four letters she forms such wondrous compositions, such infinite combinations, as no language of twenty-four letters can describe. Nature never grows old; she has no provincialisms. The lark carols the same song as when Adam turned his delighted ear to catch the strain; the owl still hoots on a B flat, yet loves the note, and screams through no other octave; the stormy petrel is as much delighted to sport among the mad waves of the Indian Ocean as in the earliest times; the birds that lived on flies laid bluish eggs when Isaac went out into the fields to meditate at eventide, as they will two thousand years hence, if the world does not break her harness from the orb of day. The sun is as bright as when Lot entered the little city of Zoar. The diamond and the onyx, and the topaz of Ethiopia are still as splendid, and the vulture's eye is as fierce as when Job took up his parable. In short, Nature's pendulum has never altered its vibrations.

THE FUCHSIA.

Mr. Shepherd, the respectable and well informed conservator of the Botanic Gardens, at Liverpool, gives the following curious account of the introduction of that elegant little flowering shrub, the fuchsia, into our English greenhouses and parlor windows:—

Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener near London, well known fifty or sixty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a friend, who turned to him and declared—

"Well, you have not in your collection a prettier flower than I saw this morning at Wapping."

"No! And pray what was this phœnix like?"

"Why, the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows like tassels from the pendant branches, their color the richest crimson; in the centre a fold of deep purple," replied his friend.

Particular directions being demanded and given, Mr. Lee posted off to Wapping, where he at once perceived that the plant was new in this part of the world. He saw and admired.

Entering the house, he said—

"My good woman, this is a nice plant; I should like to buy it."

"Ah, sir, I could not sell it for no money; for it was brought me from the West Indies by my husband, who has now left again, and I must keep it for his sake."

"But I must have it."

"No, sir."

"Here," he cried, emptying his pocket; "here are gold, silver, and copper."

His stock was something more than eight guineas.

"Well a-day, but this is a power of money, sure and sure."

"'Tis yours, and the plant is mine; and, my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear, to keep for your husband's sake."

"Alack, alack!"

"You shall, I say, by Jove!"

A coach was called, in which were safely deposited our florist and his seemingly dear purchase. His first work was to pull of and utterly destroy every vestige of blossom and blossom-bud; it was divided into cuttings, which were forced in bark-beds and hot-beds, were re-divided and sub-divided. Every effort was used to multiply the plant. By the commencement of the next flowering season Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of three hundred fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossom. The two which opened first were removed into his show-house.

"Why, Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?" exclaimed a lady customer.

"Hem! 'Tis a new thing, my lady; pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty! 'tis lovely! Its price?"

"A guinea; thank your ladyship," he replied, as he received the money.

One of the two plants stood in her ladyship's boudoir.

"My dear Charlotte, where did you get this flower?" said a visitor of her ladyship's.

"Oh, 'tis a new thing; I saw it at Old Lee's. Pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty! 'tis beautiful! Its price?"

"A guinea. There was another left."

The visitor's horses smoked off to the suburb; a third flowering plant stood on the spot whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the second chosen fuchsia adorned the drawing-room of her second ladyship. The scene was repeated as new comers saw, and were attracted by the beauty of the plant. New chariots flew to the gates of Old Lee's nursery-ground. Two fuchsias, young, graceful, and bursting into healthy flower, were constantly seen in the same spot in his repository.

He neglected not to gladden the faithful sailor's wife by the promised gift; but, ere the flower season closed, three hundred golden guineas chinckled in his purse, the produce of the single shrub of the widow of Wapping; the reward of the taste, decision, skill, and perseverance of old Mr. Lee.

THE FLAG.

Why flashed that flag on Monday morn
Across the startled sky?
Why leapt the blood to every cheek,
The tears to every eye?
The hero in our four months' woe,
The symbol of our might,
Together sunk for one brief hour,
To rise forever bright.

The mind oft Cromwell claimed his own,
The blood of Naseby streamed
Through hearts unconscious of the fire,
Till that torn banner gleamed.
The seeds of Milton's lofty thought,
All hopeless of the spring,
Broke forth in joy as through them glowed
The life great poets sing.

Old Greece was young and Homer true,
And Dante's burning page
Flamed in the red and dusky glow of flag,
And kindled holy rage.
God's Gospel cheered the sacred cause,
In stern, prophetic strain,
Which makes His Right our covenant,
His Psalms our deep refrain.

Oh, sad for him whose light went out
Before this glory came,
Who could not live to feel his kin
To every noble name.
And sadder still to miss the joy
That nineteen millions know,
In Human Nature's Holiday
From all that makes life low. H. W.

PUZZLING A PAINTER.—Garrick once sat for his picture to Gainsborough, who se talents he did not admire, and puzzled him by altering the expression of his face. Every time the artist turned his back, the actor put on a change of countenance, till the former, in a passion, dashed his pencil on the floor, and cried—"I believe I am painting from the devil rather than from a man."

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE WAR.

The Newburyport Herald has an excellent article upon this subject, closing with the following practical suggestions, which will find a response in every true-hearted woman in the land:—

Most effectively can woman work at home. War has its burdens, its dangers, its trials, for others than those who go to the tented field. If long it shall last, it will seriously affect business and property, and in its onward course will crush those who may not be within sight or sound of glistening bayonets or thundering cannon. Every discerning woman can see the anxiety that burdens the community. We do not care to say now all that is in our mind on this topic; but we will say, in the fewest words, that in time of war, every man's income will be less, and every man's taxes and expenditures will be more. Now, if women will do anything for their country, let them not run wild in demonstration and subscriptions of doubtful utility; in thinking only of nurses in the army, or in any outward action that may be well enough in itself, and needed in its place; but let every one go to husband or father, and ask—how is this war to affect you? Can I do anything to relieve you in your labors, or in your troubles? They will find, perhaps, that there are enemies to combat near at hand; there are failing hearts and weak hands that need encouragement by their own firesides—there is something to do at home. Many a man is beneath clouds, doubts and burdens, of which he has not whispered to his own wife, and conceals from his own child, hoping that to-morrow will be better than to-day, and the cup will pass from him. But let all know this—that if war continues, every family dependent on income from property, will have fewer and smaller receipts; every man in business will find it harder to collect his dues and pay his notes; and every one looking to the labor of his hands for support, will have less to do and smaller pay for doing that little; and therefore one and all must contrive some means of living that will meet the new condition of things. If any woman, therefore, asks—what she can do in this great national trial? we reply—you can know the exact pecuniary condition of those to whom you look for money; and then you may see the necessity of saving a dollar at home. Encourage not only him who fights, but him who labors. When he says—I have notes coming due—I have demands I cannot meet—cheer him by your unselfishness, saying, husband, we will live in cheaper rent; father, trust me to do the household work. Tell them you seek not pleasure and vain show, when others suffer, and would gladly conceal themselves from the world, and especially from their creditors; that if they want to know that the woman of to-day are not inferior to those of 1776, you can banish tea from the table, as did your mothers, when the demand comes, or dispense with any other luxuries: the fashion-plates shall not be looked at till peace is declared; the old dresses shall do, or when they must be replaced, calico shall be a substitute for silk; and the old bonnets shall answer, without regard to what Paris says about the latest styles. This is the way above all others for women to show their courage and patriotism, and to prove their love for man, and their devotion to their country; and especially to have the means of aiding the army and perpetuating liberty for their children.

CUBA A PARADISE FOR WIVES.

Mr. Tylor, in his interesting work, "Mexico and the Mexicans," gives the following amusing illustration of the remarkable privileges possessed by married ladies in Cuba:—

"If you are a married man, resident in Cuba, you cannot get a passport to go to the next town without your wife's permission in writing. Now, it so happened that a respectable brazier, who lived at Santiago de Cuba, wanted to go to Trinidad. His wife would not consent; so he either got her consent by stratagem, or, what is more likely, gave somebody something to get him a passport under false pretences. At any rate, he was safe on board the steamer, when a middle-aged female, well-dressed, but evidently arrayed in haste, and with a face crimson with hard running, came panting down to the steamer, and rushed on board. Seizing upon the captain, she pointed out her husband, who had taken refuge behind the other passengers at a respectable distance; she declared that she had never consented to his going away, and demanded that his body should be instantly delivered up to her. The husband was appealed to, but preferred staying where he was. The captain produced the passport, perfectly *en regle*, and the lady made a rush at the document, which was torn in half in the scuffle. All other means failing, she made a sudden dash at her husband, probably intending to carry him off by main force. He ran for his life, and there was a steeple-chase round the deck, among benches, bales and coils of rope; while the passengers and crew cheered first one and then the other, till they could not speak for laughing. The husband was all but caught once; but a benevolent passenger kicked a camp-stool in the lady's way, and he got a fresh start, which he utilized by climbing up the ladder to the paddle-box. His wife tried to follow him, but the shouts of laughter which the men raised at seeing her performances were too much for her, and she came down again. Here the captain interposed, and put her ashore, where she stood like Black-Eyed Susan, till the vessel was far from the wharf, not waving her lily hand, however, but shaking her clenched fist in the direction of the fugitive."

NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS.—The author of "After Icebergs with a Painter," tells us that the race of Newfoundland dogs has become nearly extinct in their native country. A dog of pure original blood is scarcely to be found on the island. The few seen are held at high prices, and are not to be compared with those which trot up and down the streets every week.

THE NIGHT AND THE MORNING.

FROM HYMNS OF THE AGES, BY REV. H. BONAR.

To dream a troubled dream, and then awaken
To the soft gladness of a sunny sky;
To dream ourselves alone, unloved, forsaken,
And then to wake 'mid smiles, and love, and joy;

To look at evening on the storm's rude motion,
The cloudy tumult of the fretted deep;
And then at day-burst upon that same ocean
Soothed to the stillness of its stillest sleep;

So runs our course—so tells the church her story,
So to the end shall it be ever told;
Brief shame on earth, but after shame the glory
That wanes not, dims not, never wears old.

VIOLET:

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER LXIX.

Lady Maud having successfully passed through two ordeals, was in no mood to try a third—that is, the third ordeal which her active imagination conjured up.

Neither Lord nor Lady Kingswood had spoken to her in direct terms of Erle Gower; both had alluded to him; but while the first had promised to recur to the subject again, the latter seemed to have exhausted it and intended to return to it no more—nay, she had done more, for she had abandoned all wish to see her united to the odious Philip Avon.

This was a great gain on the side of her hopes, but there was yet Lord Kingswood to deal with and Philip Avon to contend with; and the third ordeal she feared to undergo was to meet the two in the library when she returned to it with Lady Kingswood's assent to meet her husband.

She knew well that Lord Kingswood, incited to revenge on the hateful subject by Philip Avon, would first speak of it as a matter settled—would, moved by her hostility, reason with her, then argue with her, and ultimately conclude by sternly commanding her to fulfil his injunctions. Philip, on the other hand, would sneer at Erle, taunt her, scoff at, insult her. He would definitely deride her rejection of his hand, and speak to her as if she were already his.

She had the courage to adhere unflinchingly to her determination to reject him with abhorrence, but she had not the strength to endure the harsh and tyrannous commands of the one or the mocking scorn of the other.

She therefore addressed a note to Lord Kingswood, in which she pleaded her own health as an excuse for not conveying to him Lady Kingswood's answer in person. She then communicated Lady Kingswood's assent to meet him and the time she had appointed for the interview.

This note she despatched by her maid Harebell, and when she had departed, locked herself within her sleeping apartment, in order that, undisturbed, she might devise a plan of communication with Erle and concert some mode by which he could escape from his thraldom.

Anxious as Lord Kingswood had been to have an interview with Erle after his arrangement with Sir Harris Stanhope and his conference with old Pengreep, he was grievously disconcerted to find him at Kingswood Hall.

He had a strange, almost insuperable repugnance to meet Erle alone in the ancient chamber in which he had caused him to be confined, and an almost equal unwillingness to put to him a proposition which, if he accepted, would be a surrender of his birthright beneath the roof of Kingswood Hall. He felt, he knew not wherefore, that he could deal with him with a firmer command over his feelings in any other spot but that. It may have been the strange, gloomy character of the old building or the wild traditions of the House which influenced him. It may have been that silent voice of nature which, under the form of conscience, upbraided him for discarding his first-born and legitimate heir from the threshold he was entitled to pass over to and fro as rightfully and as proudly as himself. It would be necessary that he should deceive by false statements; that he should deny, by the strongest asseverations, the simple truth; to lie, in fact, broadly and recklessly, in order to hide his shame and guilt. Abstractedly, it mattered little where these falsehoods were sputtered; they would not increase in magnitude nor diminish in infamy with change of place. Nevertheless, their enormity appeared to Lord Kingswood to decrease in proportion as they were uttered farther from Kingswood Hall.

His first hastily-formed intention was to speak with him alone, urge upon him his uncertain and comparatively friendless condition, assure him that he was the child of obscure parents, and had been reared by Vernon simply as an instrument of revenge, to insist that his attempt to foist himself upon him, Lord Kingswood, and family as a—relative would be combated and effectually crushed now and forever, and, finally, to demonstrate to him that his wisest and best course would be to abandon his preposterous claims, and to place himself entirely at his, Lord Kingswood's disposal. This done, it was his design to portray in brilliant colors the manner in which he would compensate him for obedience to his wishes. He should take another name to that which now he bore, and with it a young, beautiful, well-bred gentlewoman for a wife, be appointed to a responsible post under Government—some fifteen or twenty thousand miles distant from London—achieve a position, &c., &c., all very glowing, no doubt, and greatly tempting to many a mind differently constituted to Erle's.

However, when he reflected over this plan, he became conscious of a certain unaccountable reluctance to face Erle in the chamber in which he had left him. He did not know why; he tried to find a reason, and he pooh-poohed his own weakness of purpose and vacillation of mind; but the loathfulness increased rather than diminished with his self-arguing. Then suggestions presented themselves to him, pointing out Sir Harris Stanhope as the fittest person to discuss the matter with Erle. He would be able to say so much which he must himself have left unsaid. Sir Harris could continue to urge where his pride would compel him to pause. Sir Harris could entreat; he could not. Sir Harris could speak in a confident tone of the obscurity of his parentage, which he, Lord Kingswood, would find it impossible to do without faltering and stammering; altogether, indeed, it would be the best plan to forward Erle to London, to keep him somewhat in private, where Sir Harris Stanhope would have an undisturbed opportunity of working upon his mind, first depressing and discouraging him, and then tempting him.

It was not without an annoying sense of shame that Lord Kingswood at length decided to pursue this course; and though he tried to deceive himself into the belief that it was at once a contrivance the most prudent and most promising of success, he did not succeed; still he resolved to carry it out.

He did not wholly give up his original intention of seeing and conversing with Erle alone before he despatched him to London; but after some consideration, he determined to postpone the interview until the following day.

He fancied that it would have a salutary effect upon Erle to keep him for four-and-twenty hours at least in solitary confinement. He might be disposed to take advantage of any eagerness exhibited to discuss his position with him, while he might, on the other hand, regard a coldness of feeling and inattention to his wants as signs that he was as little feared as cared for. When people, entertaining extravagant notions, discover that they are held at a discount, they are apt to feel an inducement to listen to the sober voice of reason. Lord Kingswood believed that, vexed by confinement and neglect, Erle would be tempted to listen to reason—that is, reason from his lordship's point of view. So he decided that he would not seek an interview with him until the following morning.

While engaged in these reflections, he remembered that Philip Avon had charged Erle with stealing the weapons of Tubal Kish, a paltry and vindictive charge he saw plain enough, and one which he himself treated with the scorn it merited; but it reminded him of the old hunting-lodge in the Chace, and that it harbored the ruffian of whom Philip had spoken. He remembered with a pang that it had in years past sheltered one to whom he had acted most treacherously, and it had since then been the roof-tree of one young and fair, who had completely blighted the happiness of his son Cyril. That son was shortly to be married, and he believed that it was his duty to pay a secret visit to that lodge; and endeavor there to ascertain the name and condition of the girl who had ensnared his son's affections.

What his thoughts really were upon the matter it would be unnecessary to say; but the more he mused the more uneasy and pale he became. He, however, secretly determined to make a great effort to destroy all his sources of trouble at one time. Having, he believed, become master of the situation in Erle's matter, he had but to reconcile himself with Lady Kingswood, see Cyril and Lady Maud fairly married, raze, for many reasons, the old hunting-lodge to the ground, and pass the remainder of his days in peace and security.

While deeply abstracted in these ruminations, Lady Maud's maid, Harebell, appeared with the note her young mistress entrusted her to carry to him. She placed it in his hands, and stood still, close to the library-table, while he perused it, as if waiting for a reply.

She, too, fastened her eyes upon a large antique key which lay within reach of her fingers upon the library-table. Her fingers itched exceedingly, and worked to and fro convulsively.

Lord Kingswood read the note with seeming satisfaction. A cold, proud smile curled his upper lip as he said to the girl—"You will present my thanks to Lady Maud St. Clair, and inform her ladyship that the appointment shall be kept."

Harebell curtseyed, but did not offer to move.

Lord Kingswood waved his hand to her, and said, curtly—"You can go."

"If you please, my lord," said Harebell, curtseying again, "Benson, the gamekeeper, who is watching the door of the goblin room in the eastern wing, told me to ask your lordship whether the young gentleman who has been put in there is to have anything to eat while he remains?"

"Oh, by all means; certainly," replied Lord Kingswood, quickly. "Let refreshments be served to him at regular intervals."

As his lordship spoke he turned away, as if to leave the apartment.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said Harebell, slightly raising her voice, "but Benson says, if the young gentleman is to have dinner served up to him, how is he to take it into the room while the door is locked?"

"Oh, aye, true—I forgot," responded Lord Kingswood, taking up the key, which seemed to fascinate Harebell in so strange a manner.

"This is the key of the room; give it to Benson," he said, handing it to her. "Tell him that on no account, not on any plea, is he to permit the inmate of that room to leave it, neither is he to admit within it any other person than himself, on pain of dismissal. Let this key, when the refreshment has been served, be returned to me."

"Yet, may it please you, my lord," exclaimed the girl, taking possession of the key with much avidity, "Benson wants to know, too, if you please, my lord, that when the young gentleman has had his supper will there be any occasion for him to wait?"

"Benson is very troublesome," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, with a frown. "What does he mean by 'wait?'"

"Oh, my lord, he means, is he to watch all night when the chamber-door is locked and everybody in bed and fast asleep?" answered Harebell.

Lord Kingswood mused for a minute or so, and then, with a short, contemptuous gesture, as if the precaution was absurd, said—"No—no, it will be unnecessary. Let him be careful, before he retires for the night, that the door is secure, that will be sufficient."

"Thankye, my lord," responded Harebell, with a sharp, quick curtsey, and before Lord Kingswood could even turn round, she disappeared from the apartment.

Arming himself with a gun, and taking a dog with him, Lord Kingswood quitted Kingswood Hall for the Chace, as if to enjoy an hour's shooting alone, for he would not permit any one to accompany him.

Harebell, in the meantime, returned to her young mistress, and knocking at her chamber door, begged to be allowed to say a few words to her.

Lady Maud was hardly pleased at the interruption, for, with her burning cheek laid upon her hand, she was trying to contrive some mode of communicating with Erle. A visionary antique key was dancing before her eyes in the most provoking and tantalizing style all the time.

She, however, gave admittance to Harebell. She saw instantly that the girl was somewhat excited, for her eye was unusually flushed, and the pink of her cheek was much heightened.

"What do you wish to say to me, Harebell?" she inquired, with an expression of surprise.

"Why, if you please, my lady, I took your note to Lord Kingswood, and his lordship presents his thanks to your ladyship, and he will keep the appointment," answered Harebell, calmly.

"You could have told me that at any time, Harebell," said Lady Maud, turning away.

"So I could, if you please, my lady," she replied; "but any time would not do for the favor I want to ask of your ladyship."

"Favor, Harebell? What is it?" responded Lady Maud, again surprised.

"Does your ladyship know Benson?" asked Harebell.

"I do—by sight," rejoined Lady Maud, with an inquiring look.

"Well, my lady, it is Benson who has been set to watch the goblin chamber in the eastern wing, where the poor young gentleman is locked in, and I think it is very cruel to keep putting such a good-looking, sweet, amiable, young gentleman among ghosts and goblins, as Lord and Lady Kingswood seem to like to do with him."

Lady Maud's heart began to flutter.

"What of Benson, tell me, Harebell?" she exclaimed, a little impatiently.

"Why, you see, my lady," answered Harebell, archly, "when I carried your ladyship's note to Lord Kingswood, I don't know however it was, but I lost my way in the corridors and came right upon Benson, who, with a gun resting on the hollow of his arm, was keeping watch outside the door of that horrid ghost hole. I was like to faint at first with fright, but Benson held me up and told me not to give way to my feelings, and so I wanted to know what he did there, and he told me; then I wanted to know who was to give Mr. Erle anything to eat to keep him from starving, and he said he didn't know, he had no orders, and so—my lady—as I was then going to see Lord Kingswood—I thought—I said to Benson—at least I meant to have said to Benson—and I shall say to Benson what I said to his lordship—"

"Harebell, you are trying my patience very much indeed," exclaimed Lady Maud, looking as grave as her sweet face would permit.

Harebell smiled as she looked up with provoking archness.

"La! my lady, am I? Well, I didn't know that I was. What I meant to say was, that as nobody but Lord Kingswood could give more orders, and as it certainly would be very wicked to let Mr. Erle starve for the want of asking for those orders, I thought—I say, my lady, I thought as I went to the library I would ask Lord Kingswood, and say it was Benson who wanted to know what he was to do about it."

Lady Maud's heart began to throb. "Did you ask his lordship?" she inquired, eagerly.

"To be sure I did, my lady," returned Harebell.

"And his lordship's reply? Quick, quick, my good girl," exclaimed Lady Maud, eagerly.

Harebell held up the antique key, and swung it backwards and forwards by the handle.

Lady Maud felt a strange faintness oppress her. She caught at a table for support, and for a moment her eyes grew dim, and she gasped for breath. There, within her reach, was the shadowy key which had for the last hour or so been distracting and vexing her vision.

"That is his lordship's reply," rejoined Harebell, with dancing eyes and the display of a very even row of white teeth.

Harebell, usually so exceedingly respectful to her young mistress, in her excitement, forgot her habitually quiet deference. Lady Maud, in her excitement, too, overlooked a familiarity she had never seen exhibited before.

A thousand thoughts—a world of wishes—rushed through Lady Maud's brain at sight of that key, but she felt that she dare not ask for it, nor even display any anxiety respecting it. Harebell was not actuated by similar feelings.

"The favor I have to ask of your ladyship is," she continued, still with a peculiar mirthful shrewdness in her smile, "to permit me to take this key to Benson, and bid him supply Mr. Erle with whatever refreshment he requires. Now, if you please, my lady, may I take the key and the message to Benson?"

"Oh—yes—certainly," exclaimed Lady Maud, hesitatingly, distressed to think she could not properly invent a stratagem to communicate with Erle without making a confidant of this girl.

As if Harebell read her thoughts in her expressive features, she said,—"And if you please, Lady Maud, I have another favor to ask of you, but I don't think you will grant this one."

Lady Maud trembled—she scarce knew why.

"Wherefore ask it, Harebell?" she said, faintly.

"Because you are so thoughtful, so considerate, so kind, so good, so different to Lord and—"

"Hush, Harebell, you forget," interposed Lady Maud, raising her finger.

"I beg your pardon, my lady," returned Harebell, "but the fact is, all the household like Mr. Erle, and they would do anything for him they could without offending Lord Kingswood. Now, he has been treated cruelly enough already to-day, and somebody, therefore, ought to treat him with kindness; so I thought, my lady—and pray don't be offended with me, because I only speak from good feelings—that if your ladyship would just write two or three lines to him to ask—to request him—to say what refreshments he would like, and when he would wish to have it—it would, my lady, seem to him, lonely and miserable as he must be, that he is not forsaken by all the world. It is a little thing to do, my lady, but it will be a gladsome thing to him, and will show him that he is not left wholly at the mercy of a set of servants."

Why, it was the very stratagem that Lady Maud could not think of until thus put before her very eyes and into her hands.

Her heart was too full to speak, but Harebell's quick glance detected the large tear which had sprung into her eye. She hurried to her desk without a word, and sat down to write. What?

Here was another difficulty. She could speak of her sorrow at his position, her grief at the insults he had undergone, her hope that he would soon find a way to emancipate himself from the trammels which now held him fast, but to suggest a mode of deliverance she could not.

Tears of vexation trickled down her cheeks as she destroyed the fourth note she had written. At length, in a burst of excitement, she wrote a few hurried, passionate, loving lines, expressive of the agony his position occasioned her, and breathing a hope that Heaven would permit them to meet once more ere it sundered them forever.

She would not even read it after she had written it, but with cheeks of the hue of the carnation, she handed it to Harebell, and bade her hurry with it to its destination.

Harebell's ears tingled as she took it and hurried off with it—taking the coveted key with her.

"Hazel is talking of me," she said, tapping her scarlet ears with her finger as she tripped along. "Bless him, he is sure to be speaking well of me. 'So hum on, hum on, little ear, and I'll think sweet things of my dear.' Poor dear Lady Maud! I would not see the torn notes, but I knew what they meant. Ah, and she shall see him as well as write to him, too, or my name is not Harebell. *I* have the key. I shall let myself in. I shall have the key again to-night. I shall admit whatever person I think proper to that room. Lord Kingswood told me to tell Benson that *he* was to admit nobody. Lord Kingswood did not tell me that *I* was not to admit anybody within that room on pain of dismissal. Now, if Mr. Erle gives me a message to carry back to Lady Maud, I must carry it to her; and if Lady Maud complies with his prayer,—well, that is their affair and not mine. Oh, dear, oh, dear, it is very nice to have a young man, but it is very hard to be separated in this way. I wish Hazel had got that nice road-side inn, and I was Mrs. Hazel, smiling on the customers! Heigho! what a while it takes to get a little money together!"

And as she finished she encountered Benson.

"Where are you going, pretty little Suky?" exclaimed Benson, "all eyes," as he gazed on her pretty face.

"Don't you be rude and familiar, gamekeeper," she said, tossing her head in a way which made him vow she was more beautiful than a fawn. And he found her so shy, too, because, as he felt like talking to her with his arm round her waist, he stretched out his arm to encircle it, but she eluded his grasp, and politely requested him not to make himself a fool.

"I want to go into that chamber," she said.

"But you can't," he replied, shortly.

"But I will," she answered.

He laughed. My orders are to let no one in or out," he said, "and I must obey my orders, even though so pretty a wench as thou bid me nay."

"Orders, indeed," she said, with a contemptuous smile. "Benson, you will take your orders from me. Stand out of the way, sir—I am going into that room."

Benson grinned, and displayed a series of tusks starting out from his gums in irregular directions.

"Dost there mean to go, through the key hole, lass?" he said.

"I mean to go in by the keyhole," she said, and flourished the antique key under his nose.

"Eh, what is that, lass?" he said, with a look of surprise.

"Did you think Mr. Gower was to be suffered to starve here all day?" she exclaimed. "No, gamekeeper, he is not. Lord Kingswood has given the key to me. I am going to ask Mr. Erle what he would like for his dinner, and then I shall carry it to him, and when that is done, I am to give the key to you until supper-time. Lord Kingswood's orders are that, while you have the key, you are not to admit a soul into that room, not to let the inmate of that room depart from it on any pretence whatever. When the bell rings for supper, I shall come again and take the key back to Lord Kingswood, and you may then retire to your bed."

"My bed, wench? what, in you corner, I suppose?" returned the gamekeeper, with a sneer. "I be to watch here all the night."

"Lord Kingswood ordered me to say that a night-watch was unnecessary," rejoined Harebell, emphatically. "So that when I take the key the last thing, you may go your way to your hut in the forest."

"Be those Lord Kingswood's orders?" he asked, doubtingly.

"They be, gamekeeper," she replied, laying a stress on the verb, "go out of my way."

"Well, I be glad of that, surely," he exclaimed. "Let any one that likes watch haunted chambers, I don't like, and that's truth."

A moment more and Harebell passed into the room, where she saw Erle standing leaning upon his elbows on the window-ledge, and looking out thoughtfully into the Chace.

She began talking to him about what kind of refreshment he would like to take, and he rather impetuously declined taking any, but she raised her finger in a cautioning manner, and slipped Lady Maud's letter into his hand.

He seized it, rushed to the window with it, and devoured its contents with avidity. He kissed the small, neat writing a thousand times, and committed a variety of extravagancies of that description, pleasing rather to Harebell to behold, but hazardous if beheld by Benson. She therefore calmed down his transports, and in an undertone, asked a message back in reply. He was only too enraptured to have the opportunity of sending one, but there were no writing materials in the room.

He had, however, a pocket-book, and he tore a leaf from it, and was about to write upon it, when Harebell stopped him.

"It is necessary to be very cautious," she whispered. "Be careful what you say, I might lose the paper or it might be taken from me. Don't you think, sir, it would be better if you were to say to the young lady herself all that you wish to write?"

"It would, indeed," exclaimed Erle, with eager anxiety; "but how is an interview to be accomplished?"

"Leave that to me," returned Harebell. "All you have got to do is to write on that bit of paper, and beg Lady Maud to come to you and speak with you, if only for five minutes. I'll do all the rest."

Erle seized her hand and wrung it. Then he wrote in terms of passionate entreaty for Lady Maud to grant him an interview, if only for a few moments, as Harebell had suggested.

He handed the note to the girl, who hastily slipped it down her bosom, and then whispered—"We shall not be here until after nightfall."

Raising her voice, she requested to know at what hour she should bring him some refreshment, and on replying "a few hours hence," she quitted him, turned the key in the lock, and then handed it to Benson.

"You will please to take care of that, gamekeeper," she said, saucily, "and mind you don't let a soul go in, or Lord Kingswood will hunt you over the furze patches with a pack of beagles, as they do rabbits."

He grinned as usual, and she tripped away.

She turned abruptly down a flight of steps, for she saw Philip Avon, with a scowling visage, advancing towards the chamber in the eastern wing.

"I should like to turn the milk of his happiness sour if I could," she said, rather spitefully, "and I will put a dose of rennet into it, and make curds and whey of it, as sure as my name is Susan Harebell. Ah, and I'll make a couple of true lovers happy for an hour at least, or I'll burn for it."

And with this determination running over her lips, she reappeared before Lady Maud, who, with intense anxiety, was awaiting her return.

CHAPTER LXX

Harebell was prepared to find her young mistress eagerly expecting her. Poor Lady Maud! she was no adept at the art of dissimulation, although she endeavored to accomplish her aim without admitting Harebell to her confidence. It did not occur to her that she displayed unusual anxiety to learn what Erle would like to have for dinner; for ostensibly the contents of her note were supposed to go no further. Harebell was, however, in that respect very discriminating and very considerate. She was quite aware that not a word was said in either note about eating or drinking, but she took good care to conceal her knowledge from Lady Maud, and displayed an indifference to them which a little annoyed the latter, especially as she felt puzzled how to comply with Erle's prayer.

Harebell had flourished the antique key about with the most provoking nonchalance. What, now, would she not give if she had it in her possession? She was very anxious to consult with Harebell about the request of Erle, but she shrank from doing it because the mention of his entreaty involved so many other questions with it; yet, without the help of Harebell, how was she to gain admission to his cell? Harebell having buried herself with a hundred things which did not require her attention, having put a thousand frivolous questions to Lady Maud about as many trifles, having directed her conversation into channels which went in a direction far away from the only topic Lady Maud had in her young aching brain, she suddenly came back to it.

Half her questions had remained unanswered—more than half unheeded. Abstracted, perplexed, and distressed, Lady Maud had almost determined to run all risks and confide the real state of her heart to Harebell, when the latter, engaged in repairing some antique lace, said, abruptly—"This old point, my lady, reminds me of the old ancient chamber in which there pines a fair young lord locked in with an old, ancient key. Poor young gentleman, he looked so pitiable, and begged so hard to be able to interchange a word with your ladyship, that if it was poor I, I don't know how I ever should refuse him. He said that he had something of the greatest importance to communicate to your ladyship, and that if your ladyship coldly denied his request, there would be nobody in the world else he could say it to."

"I know not how to grant his request," exclaimed Lady Maud, in distressed accents. "The room is locked and guarded, and if Lord Kingswood were to know that I had visited him, he would be very angry with me."

"So, my lady, perhaps he would be if he knew that your ladyship had written to him," rejoined Harebell, with the utmost coolness, "but then he is not likely to know it, for I gave Mr. Erle your note with my own hand. B—nson had not the slightest idea of it, and I alone saw Mr. Erle write to you; I alone had the note until I gave it to your ladyship, and your little visit to him must be managed the same way. Whatever Lord Kingswood may think and say, there can be no harm in just hearing what Mr. Erle has to communicate to your ladyship."

"But how is it to be arranged?" inquired Lady Maud, trembling from head to foot.

Harebell smiled archly. "I relieve guard," she said. "When Benson goes off duty, I go on. That is to say, my lady, I take the key of the room from Benson, to return it to Lord Kingswood, and between my receiving the key and giving it up to Lord Kingswood, you shall see Mr. Erle. Although Benson has received strong injunctions not to admit any one into the old chamber, I have not. You understand, my lady. If your ladyship will only keep yourself quiet and calm, and promise not to fall into a flutter, we shall manage the interview charmingly, and no one will be any the wiser but ourselves."

"I must entrust all to you, Harebell. You will not deceive me I am sure," exclaimed Lady Maud, in an earnest, half-frightened tone.

"Deceive you, dear lady, that, indeed, I will not. I would rather die and give up John Hazel and the roadside inn, in which we are to end our days, than do aught to grieve you," cried Harebell, wiping away the moisture which had sprung into her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"Thank you, my good Harebell. I will place my trust in you, and I will go to see Mr. Erle to-night," said Lady Maud, in a low, faint tone.

"Of course you will, my lady, and happy will he be, poor gentleman! it will be something to cheer him while in that awful, lonely, ghostly, horrid room," rejoined Harebell, with a very gleeful expression on her pretty rustic countenance. "Now I know what we are going to do, now I shall know how to arrange," she added; "and if your ladyship will excuse me, I will make my preparations."

Lady Maud had no idea what preparations she had to make; the word had a very formidable sound, but she presumed that there were some very grave arrangements to make, and her heart beat fast only to think of them.

Harebell disappeared, and she was left alone with her troubled thoughts. The day wore on slowly, and to her it seemed of interminable length. Twice or thrice Harebell returned to her apartments, and pretended to employ herself with her needle. She looked very important and intensely reflective, but she said very little, and although Lady Maud was nervously anxious to hear something more about the masterstroke in which she was shortly to be engaged, Harebell, looking mysterious, uttered nothing but the most ridiculous and vexing commonplaces, and when Lady Maud was timidly about to offer a remark bearing upon the task to which she had committed herself, Harebell jumped up, put away her work, and quitted the room, on the plea of having to superintend the conveyance of the refreshments to Mr. Erle.

The sun was now sinking behind the distant hills, daylight had merged into twilight, the green foliage of the trees was fast changing into purple masses, and thick white mists were ascending from the valleys. Lady Maud sat wearily watching, believing the day would never end. Kingswood Hall was solemnly quiet, there was not a sound to be heard within the building, as there appeared not to be a leaf stirring without.

The shadows grew longer and deeper, the pale, golden, greenish blue of the sky was changing into a violet tint, when Lady Maud was startled by finding Harebell at her side.

"Oh, my lady!" she exclaimed, almost out of breath, "there has been such a to-do—such a disturbance! What a terrible man Mr. Philip Avon, of Hawkesbury, is!"

Lady Maud recoiled. "What has happened?" she inquired, in a whisper.

"I forgot to tell your ladyship that I met him advancing along one of the corridors as I quitted the eastern wing to-day, to bring you a note from Mr. Erle. I turned out of his path, and he did not see me, but it seems he went direct to Benson, and directed him to Mr Erle's room. Benson referred him to Lord Kingswood, and Mr. Avon went into a passion, and called Benson names. Benson don't like to be called names. So he was firm, and Mr Avon had to go to Lord Kingswood's library, and there he ascertained that Lord Kingswood had gone out shooting. Back he went to Benson, and insisted upon being admitted to the old chamber, but Benson had been called names, and Benson don't like to be called names—so he was firm. In vain Mr. Avon raged and stormed, it was to no purpose, for Benson would not let him go in, and Mr. Avon, in a greater fury than ever, went out into the Chace to search for Lord Kingswood. Not being able to find him, he makes for Benson again, and

this time he told Benson that he would throttle him, and then take the key from him. But Benson put his gun to his shoulder, and pointing it at Mr. Avon, he very respectfully told him that he would blow his brains out if he attempted to touch him, and so Mr. Avon went away muttering vengeance against him, telling him that Lord Kingswood should discharge him, and I don't know what beside."

"Has Mr. Avon left Kingswood Hall?" inquired Lady Maud, nervously.

"Oh, yes, my lady; but Benson thinks he will be back again, and that therefore he had better wait on the watch for the remainder of the night."

How Lady Maud in heart hated Philip for having occasioned this!

"How very unfortunate," she murmured. "I shall not be able to—to—see—to comply with Mr. Erle's request."

"Oh, yes, my lady," rejoined Harebell, quickly; "for if he comes back again, he will be told that Lord Kingswood has got the key; he will then have to find Lord Kingswood to get it, and will also find when he sees him that he has not got it. When he returns to the chamber in the eastern wing, I suspect that it will not be of much consequence who has got it. If you please, my lady, wrap yourself in your large cloak and hood, and be ready to depart from here directly you hear the nine o'clock servants' supper bell ring. I must go to Benson to obtain the key, and then I will conduct you thither."

At the time appointed she made her appearance, and Lady Maud, closely-covered in a large hooded cloak, was ready to accompany her.

As they got out into the corridor, Lady Maud said, in an undertone—"It is very dark."

"Hush!" whispered Harebell. "I will conduct you. I know every step; we dare not have a light."

On they went, slowly and silently, stealthily and steadfastly, not speaking, hardly breathing, until at length they paused at the door.

Harebell produced a ponderous key, and inserting it noiselessly into the lock, she turned it without a sound, suffered the door to gently open, and admitted Lady Maud into the room. She drew the door to again, turned the key once more in the lock to secure it, withdrew it, and glided silently away.

Lady Maud, on finding herself within the small, old chamber, uttered a faint cry of alarm. Before her stood a figure in all respects resembling a phantom. The moon had risen, and its white, shining beams streaming through the window, fell upon the clear, open, handsome face of Erle, as he stood erect, motionless, peering towards the softly opening door.

Maud had not recovered from her sudden terror when she, with a heart wildly throbbing, discovered in the spectral face turned towards her, and the large, melancholy eyes bent upon her, an extraordinary resemblance to the ancient portrait of Erle, Lord of Kingswood, in the old picture-gallery, and this likeness rapidly and suddenly merged into the features of the present Lord Kingswood; so striking was the new resemblance, that she uttered a second startled cry.

Erle, watchful and expectant had observed the door of his prison open, and he perceived a dark object float, without the sound of a footfall, into the room. He remained still, for he knew not who his visitor might be; but the sound of her voice caught his ear, and he knew their silver tones instantly.

He sprang forward and encircled the enshrouded figure in his arms. He drew her to the moonbeams, and she let fall the hood from her head, so that the silver rays gleamed on her fair, sweet young face, and he saw that her clear, lustrous eyes were bent upon his tenderly and lovingly.

"Maud, my own beloved Maud!" he exclaimed, in low, trembling, passionate tones, and pressed her soft, yielding form to his heart.

She blushed like a summer rose, with a joy so intense that it pervaded her whole frame, but she almost hastily withdrew herself from his embrace, and stood modestly, tremblingly before him.

Yet she had acknowledged to him that she loved him with her whole soul, and she was here, prepared to acknowledge yet more.

He took her unreluctant hand and pressed it to his lips. "Sweet Lady Maud! dearest and kindest, how shall I thank you for this most generous and tender condescension?" he said, in a rich, earnest voice.

"Nay, she said, faintly. "I am but too, too joyful at having the opportunity, through the happy management of my maid, to interchange a few words with you. Oh, Erle, how I grieve that you should have been so insulted, so wickedly outraged as you have been this morning?"

"By Philip Avon, yes!" he exclaimed with stern bitterness; "but never heed it, sweet Maud. I treat his contumely with scorn, and I will yet place my heel upon his heart, and he shall turn and writhe as a worm, and as impotently. Now, sweet, as time is precious, and you, for my sake, have incurred a desperate hazard, let me curb my own felicity, and delay you here as short a time as possible. I will tell you why I wished to see you; firstly, because the sight of your dear face gladdens my eyes and my heart, and makes a summer sunshine glow and gild the gloomiest and the most wintry spot; it lightens my oppressed heart, and chases away the clouds from my burdened mind; in short, dearest, because your presence lifts me up from the depths of despair into a state of delicious joy I knew not before I saw you, and I cannot know again if parted from you."

"Oh, Erle!" murmured, in a dreamy voice, Lady Maud, with downcast eyes, softly returning the pressure of his hand.

"It is of this separation I wished to speak with you," he continued. She turned her eyes up to his in alarm. "I cannot conceal from myself the respective positions in which we stand. You are young, beautiful, of high rank and assured position, the heiress of a name and fortune. I stand for the moment nameless and penniless—a fugitive, wandering in secrecy, and persecuted when I appear. Thus, my suit to you at first sight appears to be not only preposterous in its nature, but, on my part, the act of a designing scoundrel—"

"Erle!" ejaculated Lady Maud, with astonishment.

"And so, indeed, it would, dear Maud, if I were in very truth a nameless, penniless adventurer, but, Heaven be thanked! I am only fortuitously so. I have a name and rank, and ere long I will establish my title to it—In the interim, however—deep as my love is for you, Lady Maud, blissful as your face and form are to my eyes—I hold it to be an imperative duty that I should separate myself from you entirely, refraining from all personal interviews or communications, until I, having a name not less noble than your own, being of equal rank and wealth, can come forward and say, Lady Maud St. Clair, I love you tenderly, deeply, enduringly. I offer to you my hand, my heart, my life. Then, then, Lady Maud, I will urge my claims before the world, as in your private ear, for then, without a taint of suspicion, I may fairly do so. Now, in wooing you in secret, I rest under the ban of the foulest of all imputations—"

"Not in my estimation—not in my belief, Erle," she interposed in a hasty yet trembling tone. "Nay, do I not know that you have in sooth not wooed me? We became conscious of our mutual love simultaneously. There was no unworthy motive floating in your mind, directing your thoughts to me, because, Erle, I am sure your soul would not harbor an unworthy design."

"Dear Lady Maud, I think for you, not for myself. The world knows not how our love sprang into life, and it will judge of us by its experience. I float on the surface of life's stream as an adventurer, and the world will judge me by the meanest of the tribe who has found a position by the basest speculation. I would not for my life have the cold taunt of the world's scornful voice settle on your name and ring in your ear, therefore do I purpose—great as the sacrifice to me, bitter as the struggle with my heart's dearest emotions must be—to part with you and from you for a time, asking of you only one boon, and conjuring you, by the love you bear me, to grant it."

Lady Maud trembled like an aspen, but she made no reply. He felt the quivering of her fingers, and instinctively he drew her towards him. She let her forehead rest upon his shoulder, and he felt a burning tear drop upon his hand.

"It is for your happiness I do this, dearest," he whispered in her ear.

Still she answered not, and he went on to say—"I know that Lord Kingswood has betrothed you to Philip Avon, that the match is one upon which his lordship had set his heart. Now, I from my inmost soul so abhor that villain, that the very thought of his addressing you in any strain sickens, maddens me. Still I am quite conscious that you will not always be able to avoid him or be able to prevent him pouring into your delicate ear his offensive protestations of love—"

Lady Maud shuddered, and then placed her small white hand on Erle's mouth to prevent his speaking. "Do not breathe his name," she murmured, "it fails like a mildew on our love. Oh, Erle, I must speak out unreservedly the passionate promptings of my heart. I am young and inexperienced, innocent of the world's ways, innocent of what should be done to conciliate the world's good opinion. But, Erle, I love you. What matters it how the surrender of my heart was brought about? I love you—I must love you to the end of my life. Until I saw you, my happiness seemed to be independent of thought; all things appeared to please me; the absence of a pleasure to occasion me no regret. You came, and your face, when it first turned towards me, seemed, to shine upon me like some glorious star in a radiant firmament. From that hour you have filled all my seeing, all my thoughts. You, Erle, you are irremovably interwoven with my earthly happiness. What, then, to me would be the world's taunt if you were near me? What the heartless jibe, the cold smile of scorn, the contumelious scoff, the base insinuation! My happiness is bound up in you, not in the world. I should care nothing for its unmerited reproach. To be parted from you would break my heart."

A gush of tears interrupted her speech.—Erle would have spoken, but his throat swelled with emotion and prevented articulation.

Hurriedly, as if fearing interruption, Lady Maud proceeded—"You are sanguine, dear Erle, of being reinstated in your rights. I am not. You have told me that you have no friends—"

"None but you, dearest!" he exclaimed.

"Lord Kingswood is wealthy, powerful, and inflexible," she continued. "Measured against his strength, your greatest effort must fail, and you must be crushed."

Erle laughed scornfully. "I neither fear him nor his power," he said; "I dare the struggle, and I shall come from it victorious."

"But you may fail," she persisted.

"It is not impossible; I admit no more," he said.

"But if you fail, what then?" she asked, anxiously.

He set his teeth together. "Chaos!" he ejaculated.

There was a pause. Then Lady Maud said, in faint yet earnest tones—"Erle—if—if we were now united—if I were your wife, would it not be my duty to cling to you before all other worldly considerations?"

"It would," he said, frankly and promptly.

"To surrender friends and family, home, country, and all other parts of the world where you were not, to follow you, to share your joys and sorrows, you prosperity and your poverty—to be in all things constant, loving, obedient, sustaining, to minister to your happiness, and to share it—to smooth away your cares, and to help you to bear the burden?"

"Even so," he ejaculated, regarding her with surprise, for he saw how bright her eyes and how flushed her cheeks were under the earnestness of her own eloquence.

"Erle," she continued, solemnly, "before an ancestor of our House, whose name I bear, you vowed that you loved me, and that, in life or death, you claimed me to be yours."

"I did, Maud," he responded, with emphatic earnestness.

"I, too, vowed mentally," she exclaimed, "to be yours, Erle, and yours only! I am here to verify it."

There was something so impassioned, so solemn, so grand in the tone with which she uttered these words, that for an instant he was struck mute. Recovering himself, he repeated her last words interrogatively.

"Oh, Erle!" she returned, passionately, "my heart is bursting—breaking beneath this roof! All here for whose opinion you need care, save myself, are arrayed in bitter hostility against you. In the eye of Heaven, by your vow and my own, I am your wife; take me with you hence! I will cheerfully, gladly give up all I hold here, station and wealth, to share your fate! Take me, Erle; I have the means of flight! I have a small fortune of my own which Lord Kingswood cannot touch, and I have a wealth of love for you surpassing all the treasures of the world."

Lady Maud, perfectly guileless, put this proposition, impressed with the idea that, if Erle acceded to it, the wedding ceremony would be performed at the nearest church they met with in their flight, and then she would, indeed, be his beyond all the brutal machinations of Philip Avon and the tyranny of Lord Kingswood.

Erle was deeply affected by her artless proposal. When he could command his voice, he said—"Beloved Maud, you know not what it is you would do."

"Indeed, indeed, dear Erle, I do," she replied. "I have thought it over anxiously and carefully. I have weighed all the arguments against it, and I am here fully resolved."

Again he pressed her to his breast. "Oh, lady of my heart, my love, my soul," he exclaimed, with intense emotion, "how worthy of your esteem would you think me if I were to accept your boundless offering of love—"

A sharp, hurried tap at the door interrupted him, and a voice breathed hissingly through the keyhole.

"For mercy's sake, Lady Maud, secrete yourself, Lord Kingswood is approaching the chamber."

Before Erle could think of a recess to answer this purpose, the door was struck a violent blow with some weapon, and the voice of Philip Avon, thickened by intoxication, cried—"Hallo, you fox in the trap there! I want to worry you! Open the door or I'll break it in!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CHARLESTON MERCURY ON NORTHERN War Movements—A Candid Article.

From the Charleston Mercury, May 31

Night and day, for the last two months, has the Northern Government been making herculean efforts in its departments of war. Preparation on the most gigantic scale has gone on under the personal supervision of the intelligent and able superintendence and direction of General Scott. An immense body of volunteers have been thrown into camp, and are drilling eight hours a day under competent officers of West Point training. The army at hand have been distributed, and all who are to engage soon in battle have been thoroughly equipped with the best weapons. Factories, for the manufacture of cannon, rifles, sabres, bayonets, and ammunition of every description, are in full operation at the North during the whole twenty-four hours of each day.

Agents have long since been sent abroad to Europe to procure and forward, as fast as possible, cargoes of improved arms, and already they have begun to arrive. Great efforts have also been made for the health, comfort and supplies of Northern troops. Energy and promptitude, as well as liberality, under the arrangements, both in Maryland and St. Louis, and their success along the border has, so far, been complete. They have in the West, obtained and secured the great repository of arms for that section, equipped our enemies of St. Louis, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, leaving the resistance men of Missouri poorly provided, Kentucky unarmed and overawed, and Tennessee also, with a meagre provision for fighting, dependent on the Cotton States for weapons of defence. Maryland has been cowed and overpowered, Washington rendered as secure as may be, while Virginia is invaded, and Richmond threatened with capture.

In all this the military proceedings of the North, since the fall of Sumter, have been eminently wise. For the purpose of overpowering, disheartening and gaining the first advantages, which, both at home and abroad, are of immense importance, the concentration of all the forces available as promptly as possible, has been clearly the course of generalship and true economy. The first blow is said to be half the battle. The war policy of Scott and the Northern Government has all the effect of the first blow. The final result we cannot, in the slightest degree, doubt. The immediate signal will depend, in a great measure, upon the number of troops now got ready, and the efficiency of the preparation made for them by the Confederate Government during the same period Scott has been at work. Let us not commit the mistake of underrating our enemy, or of supposing that, in modern warfare, it is only the courage of a people and the relative military talent of their field officers that decide the issue of war. Ability in combinations and bravery in executing them, may fail of success where the material is wanting or deficient. An hour's delay of a corps of reserve lost the battle of Waterloo; and Napoleon fought the battle with the best troops in the world. They were cut to pieces.

FUNERAL OF SENATOR DOUGLAS.—The obsequies of Stephen A. Douglas took place in Chicago on the 7th, with much solemnity, according to the services of the Roman Catholic Church, of which his widow is a member. The turn-out of people was immense, and all business was suspended. He was buried at Cottage Grove, south of the city, on property belonging to him near the shore of Lake Michigan, where the Baptist University is situated of which he was a liberal benefactor.

WAR MATERIALS FOR THE NORTH.—By private letters received from an American at Birmingham, by steamer, we learn, says the Boston Traveler, that large contracts for arms and munitions of war are being made by parties in the Northern States.—Some 80,000 musket barrels have been already purchased.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.

General Patterson has prepared the following address to the soldiers at Chambersburg:—

Head Quarters Department of Penn'a., Chambersburg, Pa., June 3rd, 1861.

To the United States Troops of this Department—The restraint which was necessarily been imposed upon you, impatient to overcome those who have raised their parricidal hands against our country, is about to be removed. You will soon meet the insurgents.

You are not the aggressors. A turbulent faction, misled by ambitious rulers, in time of profound peace and national prosperity, have occupied your forts and turned the guns against you; have seized your arsenals and armories, and appropriated to themselves Government supplies; have arrested and held prisoners your companies marching to their homes under State pledge of security, and have captured your ships and provisions voluntarily assured by State legislation from molestation; and now seek to perpetuate a reign of terror over loyal citizens.

They have invaded a loyal State, and entrenched themselves within its boundaries in defiance of its constituted authorities.

You are going on American soil to sustain the civil power, to relieve the oppressed, and to retake that which is unlawfully held.

Bear this in mind you are fighting for the good of the whole country, and that, while it is your duty to punish sedition, you must protect the loyal, and, should the occasion offer, at once suppress servile insurrection.

Success will crown your efforts; a grateful country and a happy people will reward you.

By order of Major-General PATTERSON.
F. J. PORTER, Assist. Adj. General.

Additional troops have been ordered to Chambersburg. This is understood as an indication that the lines of the Federal army are rapidly closing, and that the forces under Gen. McClellan, in Western Virginia, will act in concert with the Pennsylvania troops for the reduction of the fortifications at Harper's Ferry.

WASHINGTON.

THE DEATH OF DOUGLAS.—The following order was issued by the War Department on hearing of the death of Senator Douglas:—

WASHINGTON, June 4th, 1861.

The death of a great statesman in this hour of peril cannot be regarded otherwise than as a national calamity. Stephen A. Douglas expired in the commercial capital of Illinois yesterday morning, at 9 o'clock. An appropriative of the overpowering sentiment enlisted in the cause in which we are engaged—a man who nobly disregarded party for country—a Senator who forgot all prejudices in an earnest desire to serve the Republic—a statesman who lately received, for the Chief Magistracy of the Union, a vote second only to that by which the President was elected—and who had every reason to look forward to a long career of usefulness and honor—a patriot who defended with equal zeal and ability the Constitution as it came to us from our fathers, and whose last mission on earth was that of rallying the people of his own State of Illinois around the standard the glorious flag of the Union, has been called from the scene of life and the field of his labors.

This Department, recognizing in this loss one common to the whole country, and profoundly sensible of the grief it will excite among millions of men, hereby advises the Colonels of the different regiments to have this order read to-morrow to their respective regiments, and suggests that the colors of the Republic be draped in mourning in honor of the illustrious dead. (Signed,)

SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

In deference to universal sentiment, the President will suspend the diplomatic functions of Jas. E. Harvey, Minister to Portugal, by his prompt recall.

A large supply of clothing for the Pennsylvania Regiments has arrived. The exterior of the Pennsylvania boys will now be of a piece with their spirit.

An offer has just been made to the Government for the construction of a steel-plated ship, which will be proof against bomb shell and shell, and be finished within six months, and be capable of breaching any fortification.

A report is current, based upon information obtained from parties in authority, that, in case of the interference of England in the affairs of this country, the Emperor Napoleon will side with our Government in its effort to put down rebellion. Napoleon will not permit England to cripple her greatest maritime rival. A diplomat as cautious as the French Emperor, however, will not develope his plans until the moment of their execution.

BEHAVE YOURSELVES, BOYS.—The General commanding the New Jersey Brigade has issued a very judicious order, of which the following is a copy:—

"The peculiar character of the present service renders it proper that the attention of officers and men be directed to the necessity of observing, with the most scrupulous exactness, the rights of private property of the people of the States in which the troops may be. Our errand and purpose are to liberate the loyal from a reign of terror, and to restore to the Government that property which, belonging to the whole people of the United States, has been wrested from them by the traitorous hand of lawless and reckless violence. We are not in an enemy's country. We are bound by every consideration to regard the rights of persons and property here as elsewhere. There must be no plundering, pillage, or wanton destruction. When discovered, it shall not go unpunished. Any interference with private property will be visited with speedy and exemplary severity upon the offender, and it is especially enjoined upon all officers to report, with the utmost despatch, all cases of illegal interference by persons belonging to their commands with the property of citizens of States where the force may be located."

There are now only four Rebel prisoners remaining at the Washington Navy Yard, who are held under the order of Gen. Mansfield. Thirty-five of them, including the members of the Virginia Cavalry captured at Alexandria, were discharged, on their taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. They said in their letter that they desired to give up their profession and retire to private life.

The ten new regiments for the regular army are nearly organized, and the officers will soon be announced. They have been selected in proportion from all the loyal States.

It is said that the Government does not approve of Cassius M. Clay's defence of the United States in the London Times. It is regarded as a violation of a law forbidding Ministers or Consuls from making any publications on political affairs.

News is said to have been received that the Government of Prussia has received favorably our protest against a recognition of the Southern Confederacy.

Senators and members of the House of Representatives are arriving by every train, and the Capitol is nearly in order for the forth coming session.

The Government has decided that it will not accept any more contributions of money from States, and hereafter will obtain all the funds necessary for the support of the Government through the regular channels.

Large numbers of cars direct from Pittsburg, Elmira, Harrisburg and other points North and West, reached Washington, having come through without unloading. They brought tents, coats, and travelling equipage. The Railroad Car Battery has not yet arrived.

Thirty Rebels, armed and equipped, were captured on the 7th by a company of regulars, who were on a scouting expedition. They were taken at a point about seven miles distant from the Chain Bridge.

MARYLAND.

There was another seizure of guns last week in Baltimore. The guns taken by Marshal Bonifant consisted of eight brass field pieces, with their caissons, belonging to the Eagle Artillery Company and the Junior Artillery Company; also, fifty muskets, twenty sets of artillery harness complete, three hundred pounds of gunpowder, and fifteen hundred round and canister shot. All safely lodged in Fort McHenry. The U. S. troops number now:—Fort McHenry 5,000, Locust Point 1,000, Federal Hill 1,000, Patterson's Park 1,000, McPherson's Hill (Baltimore volunteers) 1,500, Fair Mountain 2,000. Besides these, there are in Baltimore county, at Cockeysville, 2,000 Pennsylvania troops, and at other points 3,000 more, making 16,500 in all. Gen. James Cooper, of Md., has been appointed commander, superseding Cadwalader.

ON GUARD.—A Pennsylvania soldier writes of the incidents of standing guard in Maryland, as follows:—We tried to discharge our duty with dignity; but the amusing trepidation of many unsophisticated night-walkers sadly disturbed our gravity, and, in spite of all our efforts, well nigh turned the heroic into the burlesque. In answer to our stern challenge: "Who goes there?" one poor fellow huskily whispered: "It's me—me, Davy Carson; I live just up the hill yonder." Another ingenious youth, when asked why he was out so late at night, replied, with most refreshing simplicity, that he had "been doin' a job of courtin'." The guard, forgetting its severe dignity, laughed like fun-smitten evilans, say, "and fat men at that," and the lovelorn swain, reassured by their mirth, passed on his way rejoicing.

MOVEMENT TOWARDS HARPER'S FERRY.—HAGERSTOWN, June 7.—The advance Brigade of General Patterson's troops, under General Dandy, reached Greencastle, thirteen miles south of Chambersburg, to day. This column expects to reach this place to-morrow night, and four brigades are to be pushed forward in rapid succession. Everything looks like decisive action on the line of the Potomac, near Harper's Ferry. The Rebel pickets still occupy the position near Williamsport. The news from the Ferry to-day is, that the Rebels have the whole place in a trap, and are ready to be blown up at a moment's notice.

VIRGINIA.

ATTACK UPON SECESSIONISTS AT PHILIPPI.—FLIGHT OF THE INSURGENTS.—Two columns of troops left Grafton on the 2nd, at 10 o'clock, rode and marched all day, and the ensuing night through rain and mud, and fell upon a body of 1,940 insurgents at Philippi. The attacking party consisted of the first Virginia Regiment, part of the Ohio Sixteenth, and the Indiana Seventh, under the command of Col. Kelly; the other the Indiana Ninth and the Ohio Fourteenth, commanded by Col. Lander, of Indian fighting, wagon road, and Potter and Pryor duel notoriety—2,300 men in all. Col Kelly's division moved east by railroad to Thornton, a mile and a half station, five miles distant from Grafton. Thence they marched to Philippi, a distance of 22 miles. The Indiana Regiment moved out the N. W. Va. R. R. to Webster, where they were joined by the Ohio Fourteenth, from which place they pushed forward on foot to Philippi, 12 miles distant. Col. Lander first arrived; Col. Kelly missing the proper road, and not coming in on the enemy's rear, as had been planned. Col. Lander opened fire, and Kelly's men rushed forward, and the Disunion forces scattered at once. The U. S. forces pursued, but exhausted by their rapid march, could not overtake the flying enemy. Col. Kelly was wounded after the fight by a man named Simms, who was instantly seized. The secession loss is unknown. It was believed to be considerable, as there was a great deal of blood upon the ground, and all along the road in the direction of the flight, on the fences, and on everything in the way of the indiscriminate retreat. Hats, blankets, cloaks, and every imaginable description of luggage, were scattered along the road for more than a mile. The large epaulettes of Colonel Porterfield, the Secession commander, were picked up in the road. The rebels left behind some forty horses, all the provisions, their baggage and camp equipage, and many handsome uniforms. 1,400 pistols, together with some 440 stand of arms, all of which fell into the hands of the victors. Several prisoners were taken besides Simms—among them, D. M. Anvil, Prosecuting Attorney, and Col. Wiley, of burned bridge fame. Fifteen bodies have been found in a thicket, near Philippi. After the fight, the rebels hid there, and the Indiana troops discharged their Minie rifles into the bushes to clear them. Col. Kelly will probably receive the full rank which was also conferred that the whole number of Rebels in camp was 1,940.

In the late affair at Acquia Creek, it is ascertained that the Rebels lost twenty killed. The stiller at Fairax Court House is now said that not less than ten were killed.

Arrangements have been made by the Government to rebuild all the bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as fast as they are burned or destroyed. The largest structure can be repaired in four days. When General McClellan advances, the mechanics will accompany the troops. It is estimated that railroad tracks in the State of Virginia of the value of two millions of dollars, have been destroyed.

The reports of the condition of the Rebel forces at Harper's Ferry are so conflicting, that we think it best policy not to give any of them. The advance of the Pennsylvania troops will test the reports.

KENTUCKY.

The proposition in the Mayfield Convention, for the first district of Kentucky to secede and join Tennessee, was negatived—yeas 30, nays 130. The project is abandoned.

CAIRO, June 7.—General Prentiss, having learned that some Kentucky Secessionists had established a camp at Elliott's Mills, Kentucky, ten miles from here, sent two companies to that place, but when they arrived the enemy had fled.

Col. Wycliffe, who represents Kentucky in a semi-official capacity, visited Gen. Prentiss yesterday, for the purpose of protesting against this invasion of Kentucky soil. Gen. Prentiss showed several letters from the Western part of the State, asking protection from ruffianism, and declared that it was his intention to send troops in whatever direction and upon such soil as his Government ordered.

TENNESSEE.

A dispatch to the New Orleans Delta, dated Knoxville, May 31st, says that the Union Convention, in session there, passed a resolution recommending resistance to Secession if 70,000 votes were cast in the State against it, and submission if less votes were cast. The dispatch adds that the Southern Rights men are determined to hold possession even though they should be in a minority.

A circular address from Nashville to the Union Men of Tennessee condemns the course of the Governor, deprecates the raising of troops, deplores Secession as a curse, and urges them to place Tennessee beside Kentucky, to keep out of active participation in the war. It also says that late information leads to the hope that the manly effort will succeed, and a large Union vote be polled in Middle and East Tennessee.

A special dispatch from Knoxville, dated the 4th inst., says that John Bell made a speech there, urging war to the death against the North, and declaring that 5,000,000 of the North could not conquer.

The Post-office at Memphis has been discontinued—the Postmaster refusing to do his duty. All letters for that place must be forwarded to the dead-letter office at Washington.

Beauregard was recently arrested at Memphis as a spy. He was there incognito. He had to send for Pillow to identify him.

TENNESSEE ELECTION.—The returns from Nashville and that portion of the State, indicate that Middle and Western Tennessee have gone nearly unanimously for secession. We can not able to say yet, how full the vote was. It is hoped that East Tennessee has done better.

MISSOURI.

We have at length an explanation of the cause of Gen. Harney's removal. It seems that the War Department had ordered the arming of the Home Guard of the Missouri towns as U. S. reserves, and Gen. Lyon did it, but Harney took ground against it, and had not done anything to protect the persecuted Union men in these places. He is therefore superseded, and Col. Lyon is already pursuing a different policy.

ARKANSAS.

It is reported from Arkansas that General Lane, of Kansas, with 7,000 troops, is paying a visit to the Western part of that State. The rumor of such a distinguished visitor naturally causes some excitement. The account is probably exaggerated.

EVEN AUSTRIA DISGUSTED.—Letters recently received from gentlemen high in position at the Viennese Court state that Lord John Russell's declaration that the British government would accord the privileges of belligerents to the Southern rebels is filled all the numbers of the Austrian Cabinet, as well as the diplomatic body, with as astonishment and disgust, called forth by the double-dealing of England, her treachery to her own principles, and her ingratitude to the Free States.

OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

[We see the following in a contemporary, credited as the composition of "Abraham Lincoln, Esq., of Illinois, now President of the United States:"—]

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!
Like a swift fleeting meteor—a fast flying cloud—
A flash of the lightning—a break of the wave—
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
As the young, and the old, the low and the high,
Shall crumble to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved—
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;
The father, that mother and infant who blest—
Each, all are away to that dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose brow, on whose cheek, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And alike from the minds of the living erased
Are the memories of mortals who loved her and praised.

The hand of the King, that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the Priest, that the mitre hath worn—
The eye of the Sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen:
We drink the same stream, we see the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers did think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers did shrink;
To the life we are clinging our fathers did cling,
But it speeds from us all like the bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ah! they died—we, things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain:
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

☞ "Each heart has its secret sorrow, which the world knows not of. Many a man is called cold, indifferent, or angry, who is only sad."

☞ An arch young lady should be an archer, for she can bend her bean as she pleases.

MILITARY MATTERS.

THIN RANKS.

Another great advance in military science is due to Frederick the Great—in the lightness and rapidity, as compared with the tactics of the times before him, which he infused into the movements of his troops of every arm. His infantry was formed in three ranks, thus presenting a striking contrast to the formation of Gustavus Adolphus, a century before, in six ranks, which was itself an innovation upon the usual order of that line in ten ranks. The change is due to the gradual increase in the number of musketeers, with the extinction of the pike men, and to the necessity which was at once felt of developing to the fullest extent the line of the fire; while there was no longer the same reason for the deep mass of ancient times, for mere weight and physical force, which could, in very few instances, be now brought into play.

The British army, as is well known, has for many years adopted a still thinner formation, that of two ranks, and it would appear that the French army, since the Italian campaign, has followed our example. In point of fact, another element has made its appearance in the question since the days of Frederick, and even of the First Napoleon, namely, the tremendous force and accuracy of modern firearms. Of the accuracy, however, we can at present say little in regard to its practical effect on war, saving that in the recent Italian battles the improvement in this respect does not appear to have rendered the contest shorter than were general actions in the days of good old Brown Bess. Nor were the lists of killed and wounded greater, though in point of fact it was not to be expected that they should be, since one of the most certain lessons taught us in military history is that the more formidable the weapon the less will be the carnage. The reason is that the effect is, in nearly all cases, decided before it becomes a hand to hand conflict, and the more accurate the firearms the greater will be the distance between the adverse lines at which this decision takes place, and consequently the facility afforded to the beaten party of making good its retreat. But the increased force of penetration of modern firearms may not improbably give rise to the question of how to order a line of battle in two lines, since it is certain that the same bullet will in very many, perhaps in the majority of cases, prove the destruction of both front and rear rank man together.

We see, then, that the order of formation has become more and more shallow from the time of Gustavus to the present day; and the question is, has it reached its limits? There is much to be said on both sides in the reply; but upon the whole it seems not improbable that the ultimate formation is is not yet attained, and that the next great change in tactics will be the advancing to attack in single rank, followed by a second, and possibly by a third rank, sufficiently near to replace the first in case of disaster, or at the critical moment to join with it in the contest; thus presenting a succession of waves of attack, each light in itself and easily steamed, yet in their accumulation irresistible. But this question merits far more space and time than we have at present to give it, and we merely suggest it for the consideration of those interested in such speculations.

THE WEAPON OF THE WAR.

The editor of Wilkes' (New York) Spirit of the Times is a soldier, now in Washington. In a late letter to the Spirit, he thus remarks on the weapon with which the battles are likely to be won:—

Some importance has been attributed to the fact that the Southern men, as a general thing, are better marksmen than the soldiers of the North, and that they will consequently possess a great advantage, through such superiority, in the hour of battle. But while I do not believe that this is the case to any great extent, I would not, even if it were so, give much consideration to the fact; for in battle but few special shots are made, and the coming struggle is not destined to be a contest of mere marksmanship or rifle practice.

War began with the spear for its weapon; after a variety of changes, through several centuries, it yielded its refinements, and under Napoleon III., on the fields of Magenta and Solferino, was a conflict of the sword. On those oil only and bitterly contested fields the sheet Zouaves and the athletic Chasseurs d'Afrique refused to accept of the rations of powder and ball when served out to the troops, preferring to trust to the bayonet, when the charge was given, refused even to discharge the loads which were already in their weapons, but, rushing forward through the fire, they engaged the Austrians hand to hand, and bayoneted them in the ranks. This is unquestionably the true resource of superior physical condition.

On this plan the coming war between the North and South will surely be contested; and in part evident from the fact that will merely point to the fact, the Government has already taken away the little costly breech-loading toys which the munificence of New York put in their hands. Each regiment is eginem, and served out to them the spear, in the shape of a sabre on the end of a Minie musket, and may Heaven help those under the edge of whose bayonets these "pet lambs" shall succeed in getting. There will be some use for fighting, in which, possibly, even "butting" and wrestling may form a part; but, after a short turmoil, the result will be a heap of slain and a flying remnant, each of whom will carry under his wounded side the strategic in the exclamation that "those fellows are not gentlemen!" The sabre bayonet is also to be distributed throughout the entire army, and I feel certain, from what I have gathered through our military men, that the actual embrace of battle, man to man, is what the Northern captains of this war intend mostly to rely upon.

THE REAL FOE WE HAVE TO FIGHT.—Though an army is composed of men, if sound and free from disease by the surgeon, yet disease is the enemy most to be dreaded. Military experience proves that it is not in an active campaign army suffers its severe losses, but in the half-idle months of winter and quarter-battle. It is not the killed and wounded which thin out the ranks, but the sick. In the most recent campaigns three fourths of those who have been slain by disease. Of nearly 94,000 English soldiers in the Crimea, there were lost to the army the vast number of 33,664. Of these, only 2,658 were killed in action; and but as the hospital arrangements were, only 1,761 died of wounds. But 16,298 died of disease at the seat of war, and nearly 13,000 were sent home on account of sickness. Where one man was under the surgeon's hands for wounds, twelve were under the doctor's hands for typhus fever, dysentery, or some other of the diseases brought on by bad food, or insufficient camping arrangements, or the dissipations incident to a crowded camp in which men have much idle time.

In the Mexican war our army lost, "from all causes, at the seat of war, 12,896 men, while 12,252 more were discharged on account of sickness and disability." It is a moderate estimate to say that 15,000 men of our army died in Mexico, or from disease on their way home. But the number killed in battle and wounded was only 1,548 —scarcely ten per cent. of the total loss.

In the French hospitals in the Crimea less than one-fourth of the cases treated were for wounds, and more than three fourths for disease. Seven thousand five hundred French soldiers were slain in battle; fifty thousand perished of disease, and sixty-five thousand more were discharged and sent home from the seat of war, as invalids.

Yet, with all these appalling statistics before us, our precautions are chiefly taken to escape death by the bullet and bayonet, and not from disease.

The Attack of Fleets Upon Land Batteries.

An attack by water upon a land battery has rarely succeeded—never, indeed, when the land batteries have been properly manned and effectually used. The following are instances:

In 1702, a large French squadron attacked the small and dilapidated fortification at Cagliari, and were defeated.

In 1704, two English ships, with 106 guns, were repelled by one gun in barbette, and a garrison of 30 men, at a little village in the Bay of Martello, in the island of Corsica.

In 1797, Nelson's whole fleet was repelled by the few guns in the battery of Santa Cruz, in Tenerife.

In 1798, the French flotilla of 52 brigs and gunboats and 7,000 men, was repelled by an English redoubt on the island of Marcou, with 250 men and 14 guns.

In 1803, the English garrison of Diamond Rock, near Fort Royal Bay, with 100 men and 15 guns, repelled a French squadron of two 74 gun ships, a frigate and brig.

In 1808, a French land battery of 3 guns, near Fort Trinidad, drove off an English 74-gun ship and a bomb vessel.

In 1814, Fort Frederick, upon the Sheldt, with one howitzer, successfully resisted the attack of a French 80-gun ship.

In 1776, Fort Moultrie, with only 26 guns, repelled the British fleet of 270 guns.

In 1814, a barbette battery of one 4-pounder and two 18 pounder guns, at Stonington, repelled the British fleet of 134 guns.

In a battery, the guns are fired from an immovable platform, and can be accurately aimed. The earth or stone wall is impenetrable and incombustible. The men are protected.

In a vessel, the guns and men are concentrated, and hence much exposed. The guns are fired from an oscillating deck, in consequence of the motion of the water, and hence lose their range. The sides are but frail bulwarks, because sailors are made destructive than shot, while her rudder or rigging may be damaged so as to render her unmanageable.

THEBAN TOMB OF THE TIME OF DAVID.—In 1858 a Theban mountaineer discovered, in a hill, called by the Arabs Shin abd-el-Gourna, a tomb cut out of the rock, in which he found a mummy-case, with a gold spread-eagle and a golden asp; also a tablet of green stone, a box with four jars of oriental alabaster; and on the side of a magnificent mummy with a gilded mask, and a large gilded ornament of porcelain on its breast, a most remarkable papyrus scroll, five feet long and ten inches wide, written in the finest hieroglyphic characters. The four jars were sent to Lord Henry Scott. The papyrus, as also the ornaments, came into the hands of Mr. George A. Stone, of Roxbury, Massachusetts, then travelling in Egypt. Prof. G. Seyffarth, of St. Louis, Mo., has just published translations and explanations, from which it appears that the biography of Horsche (the sword of Horus) is to be found in the first column of the papyrus; that Horsebe must have been a contemporary of Saul and David, and that the papyrus written about the year 1050 B. C., or 300 years before the foundation of Rome; so that it is at present 2,900 years old.—*Builder.*

CURIOUS DEVELOPMENT.—It will be recollected that some weeks ago the Government seized the dispatches on file at all the telegraph offices. The examination of these despatches is now progressing. Some curious developments are being made—*for among them is found a despatch from Mr. Harvey, our late appointed Minister to Portugal, notifying the Government of South Carolina of the fitting out of the fleet for the reinforcement of Fort Sumter, and of its destination. It is found that Mr. Harvey's despatch was the first reliable information the rebels had of the magnitude and destination of the expedition.* Mr. Harvey is a native of South Carolina, and was, previous to his appointment, a resident of Philadelphia, and an editor of the Philadelphia North American. For many years he was the Washington correspondent (Independent) of the North American, and New York Tribune. He was, however, a Republican, not a strictly speaking. This creates vacancies in two of our missions.

A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.—For some six weeks past a young girl, named Maggie Wilson, has been missing from her home at Brooklyn, N. Y., and all attempts to ascertain her whereabouts have proved unsuccessful. On Tuesday, however, a letter was received from a member of Col. Ellsworth's New York Regiment, that the missing girl, under the name of Charlie Marshal, and dressed in male apparel, had enlisted in that regiment, had proceeded with it to the seat of the war, and was now assisting in the performance of her duties and remarkable for her quiet reserve and disinclination to participate in the carousals of her companions. The cause of the discovery of her sex made is not stated, but by the unanimous voice of the regiment she was appointed to the office of "Vivandiere," and dressed in more appropriate clothing for a woman She has since commenced the performance of her new duties.

THE very respectable gentleman of Yankee birth who edits the Lynchburg Virginian, and who says that one Marylander can whip ten Yankees, gives his readers warning that Lincoln's troops certainly intend to attack Lynchburg, and, very naturally, closes his paragraph with "*Let us be moving!*"—*Exchange Paper.*

MILITARY men have discovered a new remedy for intoxication, which, we believe, is "not down in the books." It is nothing more nor less than potatoes, which are cut up in pieces and eaten without salt. An ordinary "murphy," it is said, will cure the most obstinate case in half an hour.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The receipts have been fair, and the market dull and depressed; some 5000 bbls Flour have been disposed of, part taken by the trade, at $5@5 87½ for common and good straight; $5,50 for middlings. $5@5,50 for Western and Penna superfine, the latter for better brands, which are rather scarce. $5,06@5,75 for Western and Pennsylvania extra, and $6,25@6,50 for extra family, a selected lot at the highest figures. The sales to the trade have also been limited within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and $6,75@7,25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is dull, and selling in lots as wanted at $4,50@4,62½. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and Penna Meal is held at $4,87½ ₱ bbl, without sales.

GRAIN.—The receipts and sales of Wheat are moderate and prices nearly steady. Sales reach about 30,000 bus, in lots, at $1,45@1,57 for fair to prime Western and Penna reds, in the cars and in store, $1,59@1,58 for do, about $1,38@1,40 for Southern do, afloat, and $1,45@1,50 for common to good and prime Penna and Western white, as to quality. Rye is dull and rather lower, with sales of Penna in lots at 62@65c, closing at the latter rate. Corn is also lower and more active, with sales of 40,000 bus yellow to note at 56@ 58c, afloat, mostly at the latter rate for prime Southern, at which rate it is now steady, and the receipts light. Included in the sales are some inferior, part Western mixed, at 42@55c; fair Southern at 51@53c, and white at 60@61c. Oats are coming in slowly, and meet with a fair demand at 30c for prime Delaware, and 31c for Penna, afloat.

PROVISIONS.—The market for all kinds continues dull and neglected, and the transactions in barreled meats, mostly in a retail way, at $18 for Mess Pork and $14@16 ₱ bbl for Mess Beef. About 100 bbls Western sold at the former rate, cash. Of Bacon the transactions have also been limited, and prices nominally unchanged, say 10 @10½c for unhanged, 11@11½c for bagged Hams, 9@9½c for Sides, and 7@7½c for Shoulders. Green meats are quiet, with small sales at 5¾@6c for Shoulders, in salt, 7¾@8c for Sides, and 7½@8¼c for Hams, in salt and pickle. Lard steady, with further small sales of prime Western, in tes and bbls at 10c, and kegs at 10½c, cash. Country packed sells slowly at 9@9½c. Of butter the receipts and sales are light at 10@11c for prime roll, packed is quoted at 9@9½c. Cheese is quiet at 8½@8¾c. Eggs are better, and selling at 10c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—The stock on sale is very much reduced; sales of a few small lots have been made at from 12¼ to 15¼c for Uplands and Gulfs, mostly taken for cash.

ASHES.—The demand for all kinds is moderate, and the market firm at quotations.

BARK.—There is a good inquiry for Quercitron, at an advance on last week's rates, and all offered, some 80@90 hhds, found buyers at $28 for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is dull and drooping, and prices nearly nominal at $11@12 for Spanish, and $14@15 for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX.—The offerings and sales are light, and we quote Yellow at 31c ₱ lb.

COAL.—Holders are very firm in their views, with good demand for note for Anthracite, for East, at fully former rates; for home use the sales are moderate and the market steady.

COFFEE.—The sales are light, with a light stock of Rio to operate in, and some 1800 bags have been disposed of in lots, at from 10¾ to 12¾c, as in quality. 1300 bags Laguayra also sold from a cargo lately arrived, at 13@13½c, all on time.

COPPER.—There is little or nothing doing, and the prices of all kinds are nearly nominal.

FRUIT.—Dried Fruit is not inquired for, the season being over.

GUANO.—The active season is over, but there is no alteration to note in prices.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers, who are doing but little.

HOPS.—The sales continue light, prices ranging at 13c to 20c for new crop Eastern and Western. Old Hops are not inquired for.

IRON.—There is literally nothing doing in this staple, the sales of Pig Metal being only in small lots from store, at about previous rates. For Manufactured Iron the demand is also limited and the market dull.

LEAD.—The market continues inactive, and the last sale of Galena was at $5,12½ ₱ the 100 lbs, cash.

LUMBER.—There is no change in White or Yellow Pine, and very little doing in the way of sales; Susquehanna Boards range at $12@15, and Lehigh Hemlock at $10. Laths and Pickets are plenty. Southern shingles are at $2 ₱ thousand, of White Pine do sales are making at $12 @15 ₱ M.

MOLASSES.—The market is dull and depressed, and the only transactions we hear of are some small sales Cuba at 16c@18c, 4 mos.

PLASTER.—There is none arriving, and the market is dull at $2 ₱ ton.

RICE.—The stock is light and the sales in a retail way only, at 5¾@6c ₱ lb.

SEEDS.—There is little or none offering or selling, and the market continues at a stand still, the prices of all kinds being nominally the same.

SPIRITS.—Brandies continue firm and on the advance, but there is little or noting doing in the way of sales. Gins are steady, and New England Rum very dull at quotations. Of Whiskey the receipts and sales have also been limited at 16½@17c for bbls, and 16c@16½c for Drudge, which if scarce Drudge held at 16½@17c, which is above the views of buyers.

SUGARS.—Holders are firm in their views, a few small sales only having been made, mostly Cuban, at 8@8¾c, on the usual terms. Refined Sugars are rather lower.

TALLOW continues firm, but quiet, at 9½@ 9¾c for city and 9½c for country rendered, and a small business doing in the latter.

TOBACCO is firm at the advance, and there is little or nothing doing.

WOOL.—The sales are mostly confined to small lots of low and medium quality, within the range of quotations; fine fleece continues very dull, and prices nearly nominal.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 763 head. The prices realized were from 4½ to 9¼ ₱ cwt. 60 Cows brought from $25 to $55 ₱ head. 8000 Sheep were sold at from $2¾ to 5¾ ₱ cwt, gross. 925 Hogs sold at from $6 to 6,87½ ₱ cwt.—*Bulletin.*

NEW YORK MARKETS.

June 8.—FLOUR is heavy; 5000 bbls sold at $4,80@4,90 for State, $5,30@5,45 for Ohio, $5,75@6,25 for Southern. Wheat has a downward tendency; sales of 6000 bus Chicago Spring at 106c. Corn is quiet and unchanged. Whiskey dull at 16¼c.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM J. MARTIN, to Miss LOUISA SILBER, both of this city.

On Tuesday, the 4th of June, at Wilmington, by the Rt. Rev. Alfred Lee, Bishop of the Diocese, BENONI LOCKWOOD, of Philada. to FLO RENCE, youngest daughter of Jas. A. Bayard, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, Mr. SAMUEL P. WILSON, to Miss LAURA CLINTON, both of this city.

On the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. ALFRED W. BETTENCOURT, to Mrs. MARY E. STRICKLAND.

On the 4th of June, at St. Luke's Church, by the Rev. M. A. De Wolfe Howe, D. D., CHARLES W. CUSHMAN to ELIZABETH ROSS, daughter of Wm. Welsh, Esq.

On Tuesday, 4th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, D.D., Rector of Grace Church, Mr. JOHN B. MEEKS, Jr. to MARY ELLEN, daughter of the late Lemuel Showell, of St. Martins, Worcester county, Md.

At the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, on Tuesday morning, 4th instant, by the Rev. B. R. Loxley, Mr. JAMES M. TAYLOR, of New York, to Miss LIZZIE J. MOORE, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At his residence in the Island of St. Croix, on the 8th of April last, in his 58th year, ISAAC HAZLEHURST, Sr., Esq. formerly of this city.

On Sunday, the 2d instant, in her 80th year, Mrs. MARY NATT, widow of the late Thos. Natt, of this city.

On the 2d instant, at his residence in Germantown, of apoplexy, RICHARD WILLIAMS, in his 74th year.

On Thursday evening, the 30th ultimo, EDWARD FOX, in his 50th year.

On Saturday, June 1st, Mrs. ANN FAUNCE, in her 69th year.

On the 30th ultimo, Mrs. CATHARINE HALLPENNY, in her 81st year, consort of the late Robt. Hallpenny.

On the 2d instant, ROSANNA HARRISON, in her 50th year.

At Port Kennedy, on the 30th ultimo, Mrs. MARY A. HART, in her 37th year.

On the 31st ultimo, Mr. JOHN N. HEALY, in his 45th year.

On the 3d instant, WALTER PHILEPS, in his 26th year.

☞ HOME FOR INEBRIATES, *Cleveland, Ohio.*—Sufferers from Alcohol or Opium, send for a circular, giving full information. ap27-10t T. T. SEELEY, M. D., Proprietor.

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BANK NOTE LIST.

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Philadelphia, June 8, 1861.

Alabama	20 dis.	Missouri	15 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	1 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
District of Columbia	1 dis.	New Jersey, par to	1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	1 dis.
Georgia	— dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	20 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	25 dis.
Indiana	2 dis.	Nova Scotia	— dis.
Iowa	10 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Kansas	—	Pennsylvania	par to 1 dis.
Kentucky	4 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	20 dis.	South Carolina	— dis.
Maine	1 dis.	Tennessee	10 dis.
Maryland	1 to 3 dis.	Texas	—
Massachusetts	1 dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1 dis.	Virginia	20 dis.
Minnesota	—	Wisconsin	20 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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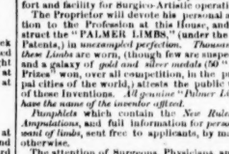

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THAT A

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As these Testimonials were unsolicited by Mr. Spalding, they afford unquestionable proof of the efficacy of this truly scientific discovery.

MASONVILLE, CONN., Feb. 5, 1861.

MR. SPALDING.

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I have tried your Cephalic Pills, and *I like them so well* that I want you to send me two dollars' worth more.

Part of these are for the neighbors, to whom I gave a few out of the first box I got from you.

Send the Pills by mail, and oblige

Your ob't Servant,
JAMES KENNEDY.

HAVERFORD, Pa., Feb. 6, 1861.

MR. SPALDING.

SIR:

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MARY ANN STOIKHOUSE.

BRUSH CREEK, HUNTINGTON CO., Pa., January 18, 1861.

H. C. SPALDING.

SIR:

You will please send me two boxes of your Cephalic Pills. Send them immediately.

Respectfully yours,
JAMES M. SIMONS.

P. S.—*I have used one box of your Pills, and find them excellent.*

BELLE VERNON, Ohio, Jan. 15, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.

Please send me twenty five cents, for which send me another box of your Cephalic Pills. *They are truly the best Pills I have ever tried.*

Direct A. STAVER, P. M.,
Belle Vernon, Wyandot Co., O.

BEVERLY, MASS., Dec. 11, 1860.

H. C. SPALDING, Esq.

I wish for some circulars or large show bills, to bring your Cephalic Pills more particularly before the people. If you have anything of the kind, please send to me.

One of my customers, who is subject to severe Sick Headache, casually lasting two days, was cured of an attack on one box *by your Pills*, which I sent her. Respectfully yours,

W. B. WILKES.

REYNOLDSBURG, FRANKLIN CO., OHIO, January 9, 1861.

HENRY C. SPALDING, Esq.

No. 48 Cedar st., N. Y.

DEAR SIR

Inclosed find twenty five cents, (25,) for which send a box of "Cephalic Pills." Send to address of Rev. Wm. C. Filler, Reynoldsburg, Franklin Co., Ohio.

Your *Pills work like a charm—cure Headache at most instants.*

Truly yours,
WM. C. FILLER.

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As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name,

☞ SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE. ☜

is on the outside wrapper—all others are swindling counterfeits. ap13-1y

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Wit and Humor.

A SUBLIME POEM.

We are indebted to an inspired individual, signing himself "Mr. Smith, of London," for a copy of an extraordinary poem, entitled, "A Legend of Margate," in which the connubial differences and horrible doom of a newly-married couple are feelingly described. Mr. Smith commences with a life-like picture of his ill-fated lovers:—

"They married in the summer time
As I have not remarked before;
His name was Clarence Fitz Morocco,
And hers was Ann Agusta More.
And oh! they made the bridal trip
To where old Margate's waters roar."

In the next passage, we have a delicate intimation of Ann Agusta's instability —

"At Tivoli, on Margate's shore
The pair enjoyed a graceful hop,
Where Mrs. Clarence Fitz Morocco
Met Mr. James Adonis Pop-
Kins, who had come from Sandwich, where
He kept a decent barber-shop."

Though no disclosure is made, yet the reader cannot fail to suspect that this meeting at the "hop" will prove disastrous to the peace of Mr. Fitz Morocco presently. The next verse justifies this sad inference :—

"Then Ann Agusta danced with him,
Regardless of her marriage vows,
And suffered him to wait on her,
And fan her high Corinthian brows;
Yes, e'en beneath the very nose
Of that unhappy man, her spouse."

The next verse informs us how Mr. Popkins insisted upon dancing with Ann Agusta all the evening because "he knew her when a child." At which Mr. Fitz Morocco feels so desperately outraged, that he invites both parties to visit the East Cliff, immediately, determining to wreak his fiendish vengeance there. Mr. Smith thus describes the harrowing scene on the cliff —

"They stood together on the ledge—
The husband, barber, and the wife—
And Clarence Fitz Morocco turned pale
As infant child deprived of life,
While all the trio gazed upon
The foaming tide with battle rife."

Next we have a strikingly dramatic exhibition of passion —

"'Woman,' said Mr. Fitz Morocco,
'I saw you so lie on that young man;
And I swore vengeance instantly,
When I beheld him kiss your fan;
So here he goes to Kingdom Come,
And, madam, save him if you can."

Finally, we have a vigorous report of the grand catastrophe :—

"He pushed young Hopkins from the cliff
Into the roaring tide below,
And when Ann found him sinking fast,
She sprang from off the rock, also;
And Clarence madly followed her,
Exclaiming, sadly, 'Here's a go!'"

Mr. Smith might have concluded this touching domestic poem a little less abruptly; but, perhaps, it would not have left such a deep impression upon the minds of the readers, in that case, as it does now. Taking everything into consideration, however, it strikes us that Mr. Smith can make more money in some good trade—shoemaking, for instance—than as a poet; and we would advise him to cut the muse at present.

THE NEW ZOUAVE TACTICS.

Now, the Zouaves are all very well; but fellows who join just to have the privilege of wearing red trowsers, and jackets with shiny buttons on, under the idea that this is all there is of a soldier's life, will, most likely, find themselves slightly mistaken. We want nobody in our corps who isn't strong, well-built, and able-bodied; for we expect, when the fighting really does commence, that we shall have to do the most of it, and the hardest out of it—so you fellows who have sent us word that you are coming, may think better of it, and either stay at home, or get well up in your gymnastics before you show yourselves in Washington. Why, you'd hardly believe it, but we had forty recruits offered last Saturday, and there were more than half of them that couldn't lift a thousand pounds a piece, three of them couldn't jump but twenty-eight feet high, five of them couldn't throw the commonest double-summersault without taking off their knapsacks and laying down their muskets, and one fellow presented himself who positively couldn't walk on his hands and carry his sword-bayonet between his toes. Such lamentable ignorance of the very first requirements of Zouave practice can hardly be believed.

We are getting along pretty well in our drilling now, and we ought soon to be proficient; for we have had twenty-one hours' drill a day for the past three weeks. We get along speedily in our peculiar tactics for the application of gymnastics to military purposes.

Ellsworth has introduced some entirely new features into his system. For instance, every man has now to carry, strapped to his knapsack, a small plate of boiler iron, about the size of an old-fashioned dripping-pan. These plates are ball-proof, and are used in making what we call the "Zouave fort." This ingenious structure is formed in this way:—Rows of men stand on the ground in the required outline of the fort; other fellows stand on their shoulders, and all, as they stand side by side, interlock their plates of boiler-iron, so as to form a ball proof surface toward the enemy—embrasures and loop-holes are left at the proper intervals, of course. Columbiads and rifled cannon are at once mounted in the embrasures, and the rifle corps take their station at the loop-holes, and in a few minutes we can pepper our enemy all to pieces.

Sometimes we mount a few barbette guns on the shoulders of the fellows in the top row; but we had rather not do this, as it exposes the gunners, and holding six rows of men, with their arms, ammunition and fort-plates, with three rows of heavy guns, is considered enough of a load for the lower row of men to carry, without the extra weight of barbette guns.

As it is, some of the lower row of fellows have to hold a weight of two tons and a half, which they can do for five hours without flinching. At the end of that time, however, the colonel finds that he must give his fort a lunch, or else it begins to get weak in the lower story.

You can see at once the tremendous advantage of having a fort that you can erect in four minutes in the very teeth of the enemy—a fort, every stone of which can fight—a fort that can't be stormed, and that can be taken down and set up in another place the very instant the enemy bring any heavy guns to bear on it.

We are training a set of men now for the lower story, who shall be able to run with the new-fashioned edifice on their backs for the distance of a mile and a half.

Imagine the utter astonishment of an enemy at seeing a strong fort deliberately pick itself up, and, with a hurrah, run over into the very heart of their lines, and their open its batteries on them at a yard and a half distance.

Imagine the consternation of a storming party, on getting their scaling ladders all ready for a determined rush over the walls of a fort, to see that fort suddenly drop all to pieces and each particular stone transform itself into a stalwart soldier, with a sword-bayonet in his hands, a pair of revolvers in his belt, and a long knife between his teeth.

And then imagine, if such a thing be possible, one regiment surrounded by a crowd of exulting enemies, who think to butcher the "pet lambs" at their leisure, how it would astound the enemies aforesaid to see the "lambs" instantly make themselves into a fort, and announce themselves ready to hold out against a fortnight's siege.

Very well, these are just the things we hope soon to do.

That your readers may have an idea of the style of drill we go through, I'll tell you. We get up at two in the morning, and have summer-set drills for two hours by squads, then by companies, and then we form in regimental line, and turn fourteen summersets forward, and fourteen backward, to the tap of the drum, keeping exact time, loading and firing revolving rifles at a target as we come forward; and firing at another target as we go back, with a revolver in each hand. If any balls are found more than an inch and a half from the centre, the man is discovered and put on columbiad guard for the day; this means keeping guard all day with two ten inch columbiads tied across his shoulders.

After summerset drill, we have jumping and firing in the air by platoons for two hours. At the word of command, the platoon jump thirty-three feet straight up, firing at an object fifty yards in advance, the instant they reach their extreme altitude. This sort of practice the colonel thinks will be remarkably useful in firing at an enemy concealed behind breastworks.

Then we have breakfast. Each man's breakfast is put in his haversack, and hung round his neck, and he has thirty minutes allowed him to eat it in—during that time he must run five miles and walk two miles and a half, jumping twenty seven ditches, each forty-six feet four inches wide. Then we have fort drill for six hours; then one hour for dinner, which is eaten while each man is standing on his head. Then two hours of running, during which time every man is expected to accomplish from thirty to fifty miles, according to the weight he carries. A man who runs light, with only his knapsack, rifle, ammunition and his tent, must do his fifty miles; but the fellows who carry the ordnance are let off a few miles. A man with a mountain howitzer must run forty seven and a half miles. A fellow with a full sized brass six pounder has to get over his thirty-nine miles, while the half-dozen men who carry our six heavy columbiads are let off with but thirty miles a piece.

Then we have a few hours of general gymnastics and feats of strength, the principal ones of which are, "pitching the howitzer" and "putting up the columbiad." Some of our men can pitch an old iron six pounder we have for that purpose three-quarters of a mile, though the general average is not more than half a mile and a few rods over. There is not a man in the regiment who can't "put up" a ten inch columbiad in each hand, like a pair of dumb bells.

After gymnastics, we have our new fort-drill till midnight, when we are detailed for guard and "gallows duty."

This last is another new feature of the Ellsworth tactics. It is an invention for the benefit of secessionists. In case of a capture of spies or other obnoxious vermin, seven men are detailed to form a gallows, which they do in the following manner :—

Three fellows stand on each others' shoulders for one post; three other fellows stand on each others' shoulders for the other post; then one very tall Zouave lays himself across the shoulders of the two top men, for the beam; then they reeve a rope through the waistband of the beam's trowsers, and hang the spy in the most approved style. It is estimated that this kind of gallows will be very useful in a sandy country, where there are no trees to hang your prisoners to.

By this slight account, you will perceive that if you are going to send any new Zouave recruits, they must be men of the right sort. After one month from to-day, the Colonel won't take any man who can't lift two tons and a half, run twenty-seven miles without stopping for breath, jump over an ordinary two-story house, and swim a mile and a quarter under water.

It would be better, also, for him to have some preliminary practice in our new way of repelling a charge of cavalry, which is to disarm your dragoon, tie his legs under his horse's belly with his sword-belt, and then take him, horse and all, under your arm, and run to the rear with him.

If you've got any men of this sort, you may send them along early, for we have still, for such fellows, a few more places left.

I get time to write this letter, having been excused from drill by the colonel, on account of Simpson's dropping the 11 inch columbiad on my left big toe, this morning. Simpson always was a clumsy rascal.

Fiercely,
Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

A POSER.

PRECOCIOUS PUPIL.—"Please, Miss Jones, what is the meaning of suburbs?"

GOVERNESS (who is sufficiently crinolined).—"The outskirts of a place, my dear."

PUPIL (seizing Miss J. by the dress).—"Then Miss Jones, are these *your* suburbs?"

AN UNFORTUNATE QUESTION.—A clergyman was in the habit of dealing with a slaughterer named Paul. He had a negro servant who generally attended to the marketing. One Sabbath morning, as the clergyman was engaged in expounding Scripture to his congregation, at a given point he elevated his arm and exclaimed with much vehemence, "Brethren, what says Paul?" of course, meaning the Apostle. The negro servant being in the church, and supposing the question addressed to him, vociferated at the top of his voice, "Massa, Paul says you can't have any more meat until you pay up the old score."

A SORT OF GENTLEMAN.—Mr. Child, the banker, desiring to hire a valet, one of those gentry presented himself, and inquired what wine Mr. Child allowed at the second table?

"Port and sherry," replied Mr. Child.

"I like a glass of Madeira, sir," returned the valet.

"Why," said Mr. Child, "there is the curate of the parish who cannot afford himself a glass of wine of any sort."

"Ah," replied the valet, shrugging his shoulders, "I always pitied that sort of gentleman."

BREAKING IT OFF.—Bella —"Really, Fitzjames, I am most sorry that the political crisis has affected your financial affairs so seriously as you say, but pa says I must secede from my engagement with you; so hereafter you will consider our proposed union forever dissolved. I shall always be glad to have you *call* occasionally."

AN ECCENTRIC TRAVELLER.

We have heard of an Englishman who went abroad with the design of taking an extensive tour on the Continent, but who was diverted from his purpose by finding himself so comfortable on board a certain canal boat in Belgium, that he went no further; preferring to be a daily passenger in the boat, which went and returned between certain limits on alternate days. There is more than one version of this story, which we believe to be founded on fact. It seems to be agreed that the gentleman started on his intended tour in 1815, the year of the battle of Waterloo; that he landed at Ostend with the design of pushing on to Brussels, and that the canal boat which arrested his progress was one that plied between Bruges and Ghent; starting one day at Ghent, and the other at Bruges. According to one account which we have heard, the individual in question went abroad not merely to see foreign lands, but in the hope of meeting with illustrious personages and distinguished characters, which will account for his making for Brussels in 1815. Finding, however, that on board the boat he not only fell in with many persons worth meeting, but had the opportunity of sitting down with them to the *table d'hote*, he thought he could not do better, and went backwards and forwards, never getting farther than Ghent.—*Notes and Queries.*

DISTANCE OF THE STARS.—Were an inhabitant of this earth to ascend into the air one hundred and sixty millions of miles, the fixed stars would still appear no larger than luminous points. Incredible as this assertion may appear, it is not a chimerical idea, but a fact which is effectually proved; for about the 10th of December we are more than one hundred and sixty millions of miles nearer the northern part of the heavens than we are on the 10th of June; and yet we never perceive any increase of magnitude in the stars.

FIGHTING.

After all, what would life be without fighting, I should like to know? From the cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is the business—the real, highest, honestest business of every son of man. Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, be they evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickednesses in high places, or Russians, or Border ruffians, or Bill, Tom or Harry, who will not let him live his life in quiet till he has thrashed them. It is no good for Quakers, or any other body of men, to uplift their voices against fighting. Human nature is too strong for them, and they don't follow their own precepts. Every soul of them is doing his own piece of fighting, somehow and somewhere. The world might be a better world without fighting, for anything I know, but it wouldn't be our world, and therefore I am dead against crying peace when there is no peace, and isn't meant to be. I'm as sorry as any man to see folks fighting the wrong people and the wrong things, but I'd a deal sooner see them doing that, than that they should have no fight in them.—*Tom Brown's School Days.*

MENTAL AND CORPOREAL SUFFERING.—There is a pretty Persian apologue on the difference between mental and corporeal suffering. A king and his minister were discussing the subject, and differed in opinion. The minister maintained the first to be most severe, and to convince his sovereign of it, he took a lamb, broke its leg, shut it up, and put food before it. He took another, shut it up with a tiger, which was bound by a chain, so that the beast could spring near but not seize the lamb and put food also before him. In the morning he carried the king to see the effect of the experiment. The lamb with the broken leg had eaten up all the food placed before him; the other was found dead from fright.

Useful Receipts.

WATER PROOF CLOTH FOR SOLDIERS' OVERCOATS.—Twenty thousand tunics rendered water-proof and yet porous, were served out to the French army during the late war with Russia. They were prepared after the following recipe :—

Take 2 pounds and 4 ounces of alum, and dissolve it in 10 gallons of water; in like manner dissolve the same quantity of sugar of lead in a similar quantity of water, and mix the two together. They form a precipitate of the sulphate of lead. The clear liquor is now withdrawn, and the cloth immersed for one hour in the solution, when it is taken out, dried in the shade, washed in clean water and dried again.

This preparation enables the cloth to repel water like the feathers of a duck's back, and yet allows the perspiration to pass somewhat freely through it, which is not the case with gutta percha or India-rubber cloth.

INORDINATE THIRST.—To those who have a strong desire to drink great quantities of water in summer a writer gives the following advice :—

"Take the twig of a birch, elm or other tree having a pleasant taste, and cut it into several pieces about half an inch in length each. Keep one of these in the mouth while travelling or working in the sun for about an hour, throw it away and supply its place with another, and thus continue during the warmest hours of the day. By following this advice, a person will feel no more desire to drink in warm than cool weather."

SIMPLE CURE FOR SORE THROAT.—The editor of the Farmer and Gardener states that a gargle of salt and water has completely cured him of a sore throat and hacking cough, from which he had been suffering for many years past.

LAMP LIGHTERS.—A subscriber to the American Agriculturist says:—

"Uninjured straws of rye, oats and wheat, cut in lengths of about six inches, are valuable for lighting candles or lamps. Placed in a glass or other small vessel, on the mantel or shelf they are quite ornamental. The above may be valuable in districts where waste paper is scarce."

ENGLISH LONG BOWS.—The English long bow was the height of the archer, and made of yew, hazel, ash, or hawthorn. The cross bow was more clumsy in its construction, the arrows moving in a solid groove. The arrows were straight, and of different lengths; Robin Hood's arrows were a cloth yard, or ell, of forty-five inches, and his bow six feet. Four arrows can be discharged in the time occupied in loading a musket. The arrow was of yew, pointed with iron or steel; the feathers were three, one gray, to guide the eye. A sheaf contained twenty-four arrows.

Agricultural.

INCOMBUSTIBLE WASH.

During the hot and dry season, serious accidents sometimes occur in consequence of the highly combustible nature of the materials used for roofing. Pine shingles, after being laid a few years, often become covered with a fine, short moss, which, when dry, is almost as easily ignited as punk, and a spark falling upon the roof, soon envelopes the building in a blaze.

To make a cheap wash for the roofs of buildings, take a sufficient quantity of good stone lime, and slack it carefully in a close box, or mortar bed, to prevent the escape of steam, and after slacking, pass it through a sieve. To every *six quarts of this lime*, add *one quart of rock or Turk's Island salt*, and *one gallon of water*. The mixture should be boiled and skimmed clear. To every five gallons of this, add, by slow degrees, *three-fourths of a pound of potash*, and *four quarts of fine sand*.

Coloring matter may be added. Apply it with a common paint brush. A writer, in speaking of this wash, observes:—"It looks better than paint, and is as durable as slate. It will stop small leaks in the roof, prevent the moss from growing over and rotting the wood, and render it incombustible from sparks falling on it. When applied to brick work, it renders the bricks utterly impervious to rain or wet, and endures a longer time than any paint I ever used. The expense is a mere trifle; in fact, scarcely deserving of mention."

The walls of out-buildings are frequently coated with this wash, as well as the roofs, and are thereby rendered much more durable. It is said that clapboards put on without planing, if coated with this cement or wash, last much longer than when planed and painted.—*New England Farmer.*

CHESTER COUNTY BUTTER.—A writer in the Country Gentleman, says:—The best butter in this country is admitted by connoisseurs to be made in the dairies of Chester and Delaware counties, in Pennsylvania, from meadows a hundred years in grass, and which the owners never think of ploughing up. The sod is said to be a foot thick, and consequently little affected by drought. This butter is appropriated by the markets of Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington; and a person once accustomed to its aroma and flavor, becomes fastidious for life in that article. The dairy people work their butter with a damp cloth, upon a marble or hard wood slab, instead of a bowl or ladle, rinsing and wringing the cloth in cold water as often as it becomes saturated with milk. The butter will not become waxy or salvy by this process, as it is made perfectly dry with half the manipulation. A single trial will convince of this. Of course, the butter must be salted and cooled, and time allowed for the salt to be entirely dissolved, before it is worked for packing or for table. The cloth must be close in texture, and not at all linty; a lump of ice will prevent the butter becoming oily in very warm weather. An ounce and a half will be found about the right quantity of salt for a pound of butter by this process, as the cloth extracts more salt than the ladle.

A NEW VEGETABLE.—There has lately been exhibited at several meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society (London) a new vegetable, which promises to become a permanent institution among kitchen-garden crops. It is a cabbage in the form of Brussels sprouts. The stem is about a foot high, bearing on its summit a good-sized hearted cabbage of the ordinary character; but the stem is covered with small cabbages, about the size of a small dessert apple, and these when cooked form an excellent dish, partaking of the flavor of a nice summer cabbage, and without the strong Savoy flavor which distinguishes the Brussels sprouts. The merit of producing this variety is due to Mr. Wm. Mellville, Dalmeny Park-gardens, near Edinburgh, and a very good name by which to distinguish it would be to call it Dalmeny Sprouts.

CHOICE OF DAIRY COWS.—One of the Delaware county premium dairyman remarks, in the last volume of N. Y. State Transactions, as the result of much experience and observation on this subject, as follows:—

"If a man wishes to buy a dairy of cows for beauty, with a handsome red color, nice horns, and of a trim, sprightly appearance, let him go to the Devons. If he wants to get those of large size, good consumers, such as will make the most beef when he has done milking them, let him go the Durhams and Herefords; but if he wishes to buy a *profitable cow for the dairy*, he will quite as likely find it among the Ayrshires, or among the common stock of the country, as anywhere."

TO FREE SWINE FROM VERMIN.—A writer in the Southern Planter says:—"If your hogs are lousy, go to their rubbing place, or what is better, take a rough twelve foot log to the feeding place, and keep it constantly smeared with tar." No spaniel ever loved water better than a lousy hog loves tar, and he applies it himself, to the most infested spots on his body, so effectually that the lice speedily disappear. I have seen 95 out of 96 hogs smear themselves with tar in less than thirty minutes after they had access to it; and not one had ever known its use before."

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 1, 18, 39, 37, 34, 33, 24, is a division of Africa.
My 2, 35, 36, 2, 32, 24, is a river in Asia.
My 5, 30, 32, 19, is a gulf in Europe.
My 5, 17, 31, 15, 36, 2, 23, 34, is a range of mountains in Europe.
My 6, 11, 10, 8, 7, 11, is a city in Spain.
My 7, 11, 12, 3, 9, 16, 22, 15, 18, 21, is a range of mountains in Europe.
My 8, 20, 39, 18, 19, 38, 36, is a power on the Eastern Continent.
My 9, 33, 5, 13, 28, 9, is a river in South America.
My 10, 34, 22, 38, 15, 14, 25, 32, 3, is a town in England.
My 11, 20, 29, 35, 26, 30, 11, is a lake in the United States.
My 12, 26, 27, 11, is a cape in Africa.
My whole is contained in the columns of the Saturday Evening Post.

Philadelphia. WM. TOLBUT TOTTEN.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 16, 11, 8, 4, 21, 23, is a principal river of North America.
My 7, 12, 30, 10, 22, 4, is a volcano of Victoria Land.
My 9, 25, 32, 8, 15, 23, is a principal island in Europe.
My 27, 29, 33, 18, 21, 16, 13, 4, is a peak of the Rocky Mountains.
My 28, 16, 24, 5, 25, 9, 2, is a principal lake in the United States.
My 1, 5, 24, 30, 4, is a county of North Carolina.
My 6, 15, 8, 30, 23, 20, 9, 5, is a town in Brazil.
My 9, 20, 26, is a cape of Russian America.
My 3, 5, 31, 19, 4, is a sound of Greenland.
My 18, 22, 25, 33, 15, 14, is a county of Georgia.
My whole is the words of a brave man who was killed in the Revolutionary War.

SAMUEL EVERING.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The hunter with his dog and gun
Walks 'mid the forest trees,
And listens to the sound of me
Upon the morning breeze.

Standing on the lawn or wayside,
By you no doubt I'm often seen,
When pleasant summer-time has come,
And clothed me with a garb of green.

Sometimes of water I am formed,
And am pronounced quite good,
You'll see me in your barn, perchance,
And then I'm made of wood.

Warren, Vermont. HARP DAVIS.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st's in high but not in low.
My 2nd's in heave but not in throw.
My 3rd's in ale but not in rum.
My 4th's in musket but not in gun.
My 5th's in thistle but not in thorn.
My 6th's in night but not in morn.
My 7th's in pen but not in ely.
My whole is a man in office high.

S. S. LAIRD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first, a native of the ground.
In English countries much prevails;
My next's in every county found,
My whole was never out of Wales.

SAMUEL LAIRD.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1,530 bullets are placed in a triangular pyramidical pile, after the first row placing each bullet in the groove formed by the preceding ones in the repeated layers: but the pile is not finished out to a single bullet at the top; the last layer consisting of 15 bullets. Now if the said unfinished pile is found to be 4 feet 5 inches (53 inches) in perpendicular height, what is the size or diameter of each bullet? The pile well secured at the base, so that the bullets therein cannot roll apart by the weight of the other bullets resting thereon. DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bought 100 boxes of fruit for $210, and by selling for $3,50 per cwt. I gain 25 per cent. The weight of the boxes, one with an other, is requested? WM. D. STRATFORD.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What key will unlock most men's minds? Ans.—Whis-key.

☞ What is the difference between a diseased cat and a piano? Ans.—There is no difference, for out of both proceeds mew-sick, (music.) Oh!

☞ When does mola sex have a fatty taste? Ans.—After it has been in a hog's-head.

☞ What indicates a house of mourning? Ans.—The chimney's weep (chimney-sweep).

☞ Why is the seeing of a sign a manifest token of sight? Ans.—Because it is a *sign* you see.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—The Japanese Embassy, the Great Eastern, and the Prince of Wales. CHARADE.—Worm-wood. RIDDLE—Pear. DOUBLE REBUS.—Damascus, in Europe. Dwa'ghiri, Andaman, Melville, Aiunni, Schuyler, Chicago, Usurp, Seine. ANAGRAMS—George Washington, Horatio Nelson, Charles James Stuart, Henry Peterson, Napoleon Bonaparte, James Stuart, Andrew Jackson, Arthur Wellesley.

SILK VELVETS.—Little do the ladies who wear silk velvets know the wretchedness of those who weave them. It is a laborious task to watch, mend and regulate the thousands of threads in the warp, and small are the wages paid. It is even stated that some operatives, in despair at the difficulties of their task, have ended their lives by self-destruction.